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BOOKS OF DEVOTION.*

EVEN our busy, thrifty modern world finds time to reproduce the old books of devotion, besides giving us occasionally a new one which is earnestly welcomed by all who would be rich towards God. For the most part, the old are better than the new; indeed, it is no disparagement even of a book so precious as "The Still Hour" to say, that the old are always better, for in our times it is the left hand that writes the Meditations and Prayers, whilst the right hand holds the microscope, or the geologist's hammer, or perhaps unwinds the telegraphic wire which is to girdle the solid earth. We gladly recognize a favorable sign of our religious times in the appearance during the last month of a new American edition of the Confessions of St. Augustine. This is a fresh indication of the want which has called forth such books as the *Theologia Germanica*, the *Lyra Catholica* and *Germanica*, and has multiplied editions of Thomas à Kempis, Herbert, and Keble.

* The Confessions of Augustine. Edited, with an Introduction, by William T. G. Shedd. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

It is now some time since the religious life of our community began to manifest itself in this direction. What was indiscriminatingly called Transcendentalism, and denounced as simply destructive or hopelessly visionary, was to a very large extent the expression of a healthy and most Christian desire to realize the life of God in the soul of man, to enter into a real communion with Him who is always with us, to pass through creeds and forms, and even to go beyond the "Christ after the flesh," and find Him who is God over all forever blessed, the Perfection of all beauty, Truth and Love absolute and unchanging, yet also the Life of our lives and the Soul of our souls, to abide in which is blessedness, to depart from which is death. We are firmly persuaded that great good has already come, and that far more good is still to come, from the positive element in that movement so perplexing to many, and so unhappy in some ill-considered denials. It was an unspeakable relief from the dryness and coldness which afflicted our churches, both the orthodox and the heterodox, and made hearts that would believe and love as sad as the hearts of our New-England husbandmen must have been, until the former and the latter rains, falling together in sweet summer showers, revived the earth and put an end to the drought of this year's spring-time. And many, who in these days of confusion and transition wandered far from the old paths which the feet of the saintly have pressed for ages, are now gladly and thankfully returning, and the faith which they find again will be richer and infinitely more satisfying than the faith which they lost; the old forms will be filled with a spirit such as never animated them before. The mistake was in casting away the traditions of the past, instead of seeking to verify them in the heart's experience, — a mistake, by the way, which man seems destined to repeat in all ages, but which never proves fatal for those who are of the truth.

We desire distinctly to commend and express our delight in the tendency which multiplies books of devotion side by side with new discussions of Trinity and Atonement, and the

philanthropic appeals with which the platforms resound, and our newspapers are crowded. Of course it is a tendency which may easily become extreme. It is so common for those who do not care to keep the Second Table, which enjoins the love of man, to betake themselves most assiduously to the First Table, which enjoins the love of God, that a warning against such self-deception or hypocrisy is no better than a commonplace. Unquestionably, it is too often the case that persons who shrink from the cross which practical Christianity imposes are tempted to substitute devoutness for righteousness, and retire to luxurious apartments to read elegantly-bound *Meditations* and *Confessions*, when they ought to be abroad testifying in some manly or womanly way for truth and humanity. It is to be feared that not a few lives which were rich in the beginning with aspirations, and even purposes, have passed first into dreamy slumber, and then into torpor and spiritual death, through "leaving the other undone." Another peril, that of running into mysticism, against which we are sometimes warned, can hardly be a very serious one in our bustling superficial age. Where railroads, and factories, and telegraphs so abound, the mystics will be very few. Asceticism, too, will scarcely make itself felt beyond the forty days of a very mild Lent. And it should always be remembered that the *affections*, even when they are stimulated to the pitch of excitement, are easily brought under the beneficent control of reason, good judgment, and knowledge, and will redeem the whole being, and consecrate the outward life, whilst the *passions* promote bigotry and bitterness, and lead on to madness. The command to *love* God with all the heart can be safely obeyed. To abide in love is peace and blessedness; to abide in fear is to be compassed about by the terrors of hell.

It would require a volume to point out with any fulness of detail the great benefits which would be secured for our Christianity by more abundant acts of meditation and prayer, and a more faithful use of sacred times. We can only very briefly indicate a few of them.

1. "*I called upon the Lord, and the Lord answered me.*" We are satisfied that no amount or weight of evidence for the being and glory of God will in any way compensate for the assurance that comes through praying. As man is to be distinguished from the brute by the mystery of self-consciousness, — the fact that the mind makes itself an object of thought and knowledge, — so the true child of God is to be distinguished from the merely natural man by a consciousness of God, a direct inward vision of Him through the "light that is within us," like that which brings the outward world before the mind through the eye, which is "the light of the body." If I have called upon God and know that I have been heard, as indeed the spirit can know, — if I not only have the *idea* of a Perfect Being, but am wonderfully helped and comforted when I turn aside from my outward work to commune with an Invisible Person, a Real Presence of Majesty and Love, — then I am a believer indeed; and though I may be greatly edified by the tokens of this Invisible God in nature and providence, I do not depend upon these for my persuasions, and when the life around me offers only mysteries, the soul does not lose its confidence, or quit its hold upon the Unseen and Ever Present. If we would know God, we must put ourselves in his way. If we would hear him knocking at the door of the heart, we must keep still and listen. It is true, indeed, that the religious convictions which come to us in this way are not matters of demonstration, and cannot be pressed upon others, whether they are prepared and inclined to receive them or not. Are there any religious convictions of this sort? Does the Holy Spirit ever delegate his office? But what is not matter of demonstration may be matter of testimony, and may stir up souls that are willing to be instructed, to make trial of the Infinite Love which ever broods over us. Moreover, the consolations of prayer are facts which call for some reasonable explanation. Who is it that so builds us up? Is it an exaltation of your own spirit which makes you as it were a God unto yourself, so that you are really

praying to yourself? That may be if the dearest experience of human life is founded upon an illusion, if prayer is only a form of meditation, if there are really no hearing ear, seeing eye, and helping hand of the Great God. The child's way of finding out whether father or mother is present is to call, Father!—Mother!—to call till an answer comes, or until it is plain that there can be no answer. So it should be in our search after the Father in heaven. If men took one half as much pains to find God as they expend upon the objects of human knowledge, He would presently be a reality again in his own world; that which is perfect would come, and that which is in part would be done away. Of course we can look for no such precious results from any mere saying of prayers and droning of litanies, or uttering of pious commonplaces, that, full as they once were of meaning, are insignificant from our lips;—it is the heart that must speak, and we must tell the Father, in the most artless manner, and as much in detail as we please, just what is upon the mind, trying to turn full round and gaze into his face. There is a solid reality here, quite independent of physical excitement, of any mere fancies or imaginings. The spirit within us answers to the spirit above us. For the time, at least, the darkness and estrangement come to an end. In our humble earthly, human way we are at one with God. The everlasting reality of the Divine Sonship gains yet another instance on earth and in time; the Second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, is again incarnated; and one who has only borne the image of the earthly bears also the image of the heavenly. The business of the outward life tends continually to draw us away from the true centre, and to obscure the vision which we may have of the Perfect One; we must come to ourselves by a distinct effort of the soul; and when we truly come to ourselves, our first desire is to get back to the Father whom we left, and our first journey must be that way. We do not intend the least disparagement of those fascinating studies by means of which we read in the outward world the very

mind of God. It is instructive and cheering to know that the least and the greatest bear one and the same testimony to that supreme Wisdom and Love; but it is a fact beyond all dispute that they who would find the highest God, the infinitely glorious in nature, must already have Him in their own hearts; only the Son in us can reveal the Father, only the Son is the way to the Father, and many—alas! how many in our day!—trace creation o'er and find it to be a *Kosmos*, a thing of wondrous beauty, and yet scarcely find God in all; certainly no God that they cannot refrain from speaking of; certainly not the God that David found when he considered the heavens the work of the Divine fingers, the moon and the stars which He had ordained; certainly not the loving Creator and sacred Providence revealed to the follower of Christ, wherever the birds fly and the lilies bloom. When the heart is right in the sight of God, the least blade of grass will be a sermon upon the Divine Being and Glory, whilst to the dull and unillumined soul a whole library of Bridgewater Treatises will avail nothing. An inspired psalm or hymn, awakening a response in the soul, brings us nearer to God than a sunset or a flower. “A thing of beauty is a joy forever” to the heart which is open to God. The Lord who rejoices in his works admits us to share his joy. Of course one will hardly begin to pray until he has some measure of faith in prayer; but when we have once entered upon this inward life, every step forward is a step away from darkness into light, every earnest meditation makes God more real to us, we lessen by just so much the distance between ourselves and Him, for the distance is exactly proportioned to our forgetfulness. Only continue in prayer, and atheism, speculative and practical, will be impossible.

2. Another service which is rendered by books of devotion besides this revelation of God, is in the aid which they afford us in the construction of what is strictly called Theology, that is, a true doctrine of God. When we leave the treatises upon controversial divinity and take up Thomas à Kempis, Tauler,

St. Augustine, we are all at one. So we all accept and rejoice in the Bible, and are always willing to let it speak for us whenever the words are treated with any sort of fairness, because the Bible is so pre-eminently the book of the Spirit, the soul and not the body of divinity, addressing the heart so much more than the understanding, and giving great quickening affirmations and objective facts, not propositions and definitions. So we all sing the same hymns, though we cannot repeat the same creeds. Our single question about a theology is this: *Can you pray it?* No matter though you can argue about it with the utmost sharpness of analysis and cogency of logic, no matter though you can marshal Scripture texts this way and that, in support of it, no matter even though it seems to have on its side the vote of nominal Christendom,—if you cannot pray it, if it is not the truth of truths to you in your hour of solemn communion with God, if you cannot conclude it inevitably from what the heart craves and rejoices in with joy unspeakable, then you have not yet struck the rock under your feet which will never be shaken, or escaped from the winds of doctrine into the still air of the believer's rest. We see no end to the dispute about Trinity and Unity so long as men give themselves to mere logic fence, and fling texts at each other. "My Father is greater than I," quotes A. "I and my Father are one," quotes B. "The Word was God," quotes B. "Yes!" responds A; "but the article is wanting in the Greek,—not *the* God,—divine, but not the Supreme Being." So we go on, to the weariness of many, and the conviction, one way or another, of but few. Turn to the books of devotion,—take up *the* Book of Devotion, and treat it as such,—not as an armory from which you are to draw weapons of offence and defence, but as a garden of delights and a fruitful vineyard, where the soul is to be fed upon that which is really good,—and somehow the confusions and oppositions are at an end. The soul finds its present God,—finds Him in the Father, by the Son, through the Holy Spirit, one glorious Personality,—and

the mission which the Gospel begins and finishes is a mission of the Comforter. Every devout man believes that there is, and ever has been, and ever will be, so to speak, a human side of Supreme Deity; that human side is the Word, that by which the Absolute and Eternal utters himself; — were there no Word forever in God, an essential element in the Divine nature, God would not be a Father; but since there is a Word in the beginning, God is a Father in the beginning, and creates the Son in the beginning, to be the object of his love, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, and all time and space manifestations point to, struggle towards, and culminate in the perfect Sonship; the mystery of human life, the problem of human history, is solved when the Desire of the nations appears, and human eyes see and human ears hear One, who, though found in fashion as a man, is ever in the bosom of the Father, disclosing Him to the world without any hinderance of selfishness. The coming of the Son is the central fact of man's history, — a Gospel indeed; men who saw it with their own eyes told the tale to their children, and they again to theirs, and all humanity has been redeemed, inasmuch as he was human, very man. But glorious as this Gospel of one Son, in whom humanity was exalted to the right hand of the Father, is found to be, yet the devout Christian does not live by a departed and historic Christ, by recalling his words and studying his doctrines; that Master commanded his disciples to the Ever-present God, for whose special and peculiar coming into the world He had in some mysterious and to himself very suffering way prepared, — they were to do nothing, indeed they do not seem to have been prompted to do anything, in furtherance of their great work, before they had been brought into communion with the Spirit, and that presence is variously and convertibly described as the Father in us, the Son in us, the Spirit in us, and we worship the God whom we know to be a Father because we have seen Him in the Son, and we worship Him in spirit, and so in truth, as with us and in us

in very deed. Here is no confusion of persons. Here is no division of the Divine Essence. Here is no worshipping of a creature. Here is no glorying in a man, no following of one, who, however good and wise, comes in his own name. Here is a God who has become *for us* living and loving, helpful and present, because we have been baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Now read what the author of the *Theologia Germanica* writes of our relation to God through Christ: "How shall my fall be amended? It must be healed as Adam's fall was healed, and on the self-same wise. By whom, and on what wise, was that healing brought to pass? Mark this: man could not without God, and God should not without man. Wherefore God took human nature or manhood upon himself, and was made man, and man was made divine. Thus the healing was brought to pass. So also must my fall be healed. I cannot do the work without God, and God may not or will not without me; for if it shall be accomplished, *in me, too, God must be made man*; in such sort that God must take to himself all that is in me, within and without, so that there may be nothing in me which striveth against God or hindereth his work. Now if God took to himself all men that are in the world, or ever were, and were made man in them, and they were made divine in him, and this work were not fulfilled in me, my fall and my wandering would never be amended except it were fulfilled in me also." Now any one may see at a glance that this is a totally different thing from hearing Christ as our Great Teacher, or from meditating upon Christ as our Great Exemplar,—that it proposes salvation to us upon the one condition that we will believe in the Lord, and suffer the Spirit which "they who believe on him should receive" to come and dwell in our hearts. Tell me that all this will be verified by the experience of the earnest and devout seeker, and you tell me a profound and most precious truth, the real *medulla theologieæ*, or marrow of theology. Tell me, on the other hand, that some inferences of yours

from this Christian doctrine of God, some inferences as to three Divine and coequal and proper Personalities (what must ever be, as it seems to us, to the mass of men, three Gods), are just as emphatically indorsed by the experience of the pious, and that only the evil heart of unbelief can question them; and I say, You dogmatize, you have left the oratory, and entered the school of science and debate; I cannot *pray* to three, only to the One who is in all and over all. So far as the *Theologia Germanica*, the ancient book of meditation, goes, we follow with the whole heart; it is theology for us as well as for the old German world. When men are on the whole exemplary, but do not love to pray, we may be sure that there is something wrong in their theology; their God is not a being to whom it avails to pray. Presently, under the stress of life, they are surprised, as it were, into a genuine act of devotion, into praying a real prayer; and if they continue to plead and confess, their theology will be growing richer and richer; it will gather up the affirmations and pregnant clauses of the most various creeds, it will be more orthodox than orthodoxy, and more rational than rationalism,—a true Gospel harmony, a veritable concord of the ages,—the wisdom of the child indeed, and yet of the child of God, who has been led by the Spirit into all truth, and so can not only confute the doctors, but shall even judge angels, and say, “Though an angel from heaven should teach any other doctrine, let him be accursed!” Find for us thirty-nine books of devotion, and they shall be our thirty-nine articles: and yet there is no need, for who shall take better care of the Church of God than the Lord and his Apostles took of it, leaving behind them no thirty-nine articles? — and how plain is it that unbelief, coldness, deadness, shelter themselves behind articles as securely as anywhere else,—indeed, purchase for themselves the freedom to question and scoff by ever-renewed acts of subscription, and by nominal assents?

3. One more advantage to be gained from books of devotion must be just hinted at. By making God real to us, they

make our souls strong for obedience to the Divine commandments. The precepts of the Gospel would be utterly disheartening, were it not for the Life of the Gospel, the Grace which is by Christ Jesus. It is easy to say to men, Work ! but how,—with what motives, helps, and encouragements ? If we would follow the Saviour, it must be in the strength of the bread which comes down from heaven. Jesus says to us continually : “ If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.” What the persuasion of a fate or destiny is to the natural hero, the Gentile warrior, the sense of the unseen Presence is to the Christian. “ I am sure and certain,” said Luther,—and if he could not have said it he would not have been Luther,—“ when I go up to the pulpit, or to the cathedral, to preach or read, that it is not my word which I speak, but my tongue is the pen of a ready writer, as the Psalmist says. The holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Therefore we must not separate nor part God and man according to our natural reason and understanding. In like manner, every hearer must conclude and say, I hear not St. Paul, St. Peter, or a man speak; but I hear God himself speak, baptize, absolve, excommunicate, and administer the holy sacrament of the Lord’s Supper.” “ Ah, God ! ” added he, “ what an unspeakable comfort a poor, weak, and sorrowful conscience might have and receive, if it could but believe that such words and comforts were the words and comforts of God himself, as in truth they are ! ” Now it is a law of our spiritual life, that if we would find God and abide in God we must seek him,—a law of which the most perfect humanity, the Divine Man, afforded the completest illustration. He in whom God dwelt ever sought God,—praying by night as he labored by day. “ *And as He prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered.* ” Mystery as it is, it is none the less a recorded fact, and it must not

be sacrificed to any theories. What the sinless Christ needed — at least craved — must be indispensable to us in our alienation. Otherwise, God is little better than a name or an abstraction. St. Augustine says: “If I said to my soul in my time of affliction, *Trust in God!* she very rightly obeyed me not; because that most dear friend, whom she had lost, being a man, was both truer and better than that phantasm she was bid to trust in.” When men have really learned to pray, God is no more a phantasm, but an almighty and most helpful Person, whose human image is Christ. What our generation needs to be reminded of continually is this,— that “the things which are impossible with men are possible with God ;” that prayerfulness is one of the remedies, and a chief remedy, for carelessness and sinfulness. Most confidently do we say to weak, struggling mortals, You have tried to conquer that passion, you have tried to love, to be patient, to be pure in heart, and you have continually failed: ask God to help you, bring the sentiment of piety to second your feeling of conscientiousness, try to gain some inspiration, and your work will be more than drudgery, and because you love God you will keep his commandments. In the multitude of our transgressions we must turn again and again to Him who is never turned away from us, and light shall at length triumph over darkness.

God has given us those who can help us in this thing,— the penitents and saints of the earth. Their words are providentially recorded, and their books are cherished for the precious help which they minister. Their hearts were fashioned like our hearts. We share their deep sadness and their pure joy. We descend with them into hell: we go up with them into the heavens. The blessed life that is in them passes into our souls. We may be unable to accept the whole of their creeds, but our spirits are wonderfully refreshed by their heart-speech. The books of Christian devotion will outlast the books of Christian divinity. The Hymns of the Ages will be sung long after men have ceased to read

or intone the formularies of the Ages. There is ever an ear for what the Spirit saith unto the churches. The words of the truly devout are more precious than gold.

Of course the Confessions of St. Augustine are not new or strange to our readers; but they can scarcely have had the opportunity to become familiar with them in so excellent a form, or with so admirable an Introduction, as have been given to them in this edition. Professor Shedd, well seconded by his publisher, has done a good work, and, as is very plain, a work of love, in bringing us so near to this mighty thinker and mighty lover. In the good providence of God, few of us have gone so far astray outwardly as the great African, yet with all our hearts we can echo his acknowledgments of unworthiness, and join with him most earnestly as he cries out, "Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days!" Too late, and yet not too late, since the Ever Near and the Ever Merciful has forgiven all, and made us welcome to the home which we left in childhood.

E.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LAST REMEMBRANCE.

THE sun was already shining over the mountains and into my window, when I awaked. Was it the same sun which looked on us the evening before with a long, lingering glow, like that of a departing friend, as if it would bless the bond of our souls, and which had passed away like a lost hope? And now it shone upon me as a child, who rushes into our room with beaming eyes, to wish us joy on some gay feast-day! And was I the same man who, only a few hours ago, broken

in spirit and body, threw myself on the bed?—and now I felt in myself again the old life-courage, and a confidence in God and man that refreshed and enlivened my spirit like the fresh morning air! What, indeed, would become of man without sleep? We know not where this mighty messenger conducts us, and, when he closes our eyes in the evening, who assures us that he will open them again in the morning,—that he will bring us to ourselves again? It required courage and faith when the first man threw himself into the arms of this unknown friend; and if there were not in our nature something helpless, which, in regard to everything that we ought to believe, forces us to faith and resignation, I doubt whether any man, in spite of all his weariness, would have shut his eyes of free will, and entered into this unknown dream-land. This consciousness of our weakness, of our weariness, gives us confidence in a higher power, and courage for a free abandonment of ourselves to the beautiful order of the whole, and we feel ourselves strengthened and refreshed, when, even for a short time, whether waking or asleep, the fetters are unloosed which bind our immortal to our earthly selves.

What yesterday passed through my mind darkly, only as the fleeting evening mists, became now quite clear to me. We belonged to each other; that I felt. Whether as brother and sister, as father and child, as bridegroom and bride, we must now and forever remain together. It was only requisite to find the right name for that which in our stammering speech we call love:—

“Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father,—anything to thee!”

It was this *anything* for which a name must be found, for the world recognizes nothing which is nameless. She had herself told me, indeed, that she loved me with that pure, all-embracing love out of which all other love springs forth. Her alarm, her consternation, when I acknowledged to her

the fulness of my love, remained inexplicable to me, but it could not shake my confidence in our mutual love. Why, indeed, should we wish to understand what passes in the souls of other men, while yet in ourselves everything is inconceivable? It is indeed everywhere the unintelligible which enchains us the most, whether in nature, in man, or in our own breasts. Men, whom we understand, whose moving powers we see before us like an anatomical preparation, leave us cold, like the characters in most of our romances, and nothing more destroys for us the pleasure in life and in mankind than that ethical rationalism which undertakes to explain everything, and denies all the miracles of our souls. There lies in every person something inexplicable, whether we call it fate, inspiration, or character, and he neither knows himself nor human nature who believes that he can lay open, without having this ever-returning mystery, the action and the motives of men. I consoled myself now in regard to everything about which I had been in despair in the evening,—and at last there seemed no longer any cloudlet to obscure the sky of the future.

In this mood I stepped out from the confined house into the free air, as a messenger was bringing me a letter. It was from the Countess, as I saw by the beautiful, even handwriting. I opened it breathlessly,—I hoped for the most beautiful thing which man can hope for. But I was thrown back at once. The note contained nothing but a request that I would not visit her to-day, as she was expecting visitors from the Residenz. No affectionate word, no account of how she was! Only at the end a P. S.: "To-morrow comes the Hof-rath,—therefore not till day after to-morrow."

Here were two days torn at once from the book of life. And if they were only wholly torn away—but no, they hung over me like the leaden roof of a prison. They must be lived through; I could not give them away like an alms to a king or to a beggar, who would yet gladly sit two days longer on his throne, or on his stone by the church door! I

stood as if petrified for some time ; but then I remembered my morning prayer, and, as I had said to myself, that there was no greater infidelity than despair, that the smallest and the greatest things in life were parts of a great plan, to which we must conform ourselves, however difficult it might be. As a rider, who sees a precipice before him, I drew back the bridle. "Let it be because it must be," I exclaimed to myself; "but God's earth is not the place for sighs and complaints." Was it not blessedness to hold in my hands these lines which she had written ? and the hope of seeing her again in a few days, was it not greater felicity than I had ever deserved ? Only the head always above water!—so say all good life-swimmers ; when this cannot be, it is better to go under at once, than to let the water run in before at the eyes and mouth. And if it is difficult for us to think constantly of the Divine Providence in all the little misfortunes of life, and if we are afraid, and perhaps with reason, to step out of the common goings-on of life into the Divine Presence on occasion of every contest, yet life should appear to us, if not as a duty, yet always as an art ;—and what is more disagreeable than a child who becomes unruly, and grumbles crossly at every loss, at every uneasiness ? Nothing is more beautiful than a child in whose tearful eyes the sunshine of joy and innocence is shining again,—like a flower which trembles and shakes in a spring shower, and is already again blooming and giving out its perfume while the sun is still drying the tears on its cheeks.

Soon a bright thought came to me, how, in spite of fate, I might yet live over these two days with her. I had been wishing for some time to write down the precious words she had said to me, and the many beautiful thoughts she had confided to me ; and so my days passed in the remembrance of the beautiful hours we had passed together, and in the hope of a still fairer future, and I was by her and with her, and lived in her, and felt the nearness of her spirit and of her love more than I had ever yet felt it, when I held her hand in mine.

How dear are these pages to me now! — how often have I read and re-read them! Not as if I could ever forget a word that she had said to me; but these pages were witnesses of my happiness, and something looks at me from them like the glance of a friend, whose silence says more than any words. Memory of past happiness, memory of past suffering, silent sinking into a far past, where everything disappears which surrounds and constrains us, when the soul prostrates itself as a mother on the green grave of her child, who has already slept there for long years, where no hope, no wish disturbs the stillness of perfect resignation, — this we may indeed call sadness; but there is a blessedness in this sorrow, which those only know who have loved and suffered much. Ask a mother what she feels when she binds around her daughter's head the veil which she once wore as a bride, and thinks of the husband who is no longer with her. Ask a man what he feels, when a maiden whom he loves, and from whom the world has separated him, sends to him after her death the dried rose which he gave her when a boy. They may both weep, but their tears are neither tears of sorrow nor joy, — they are tears of self-sacrifice, with which man consecrates himself to God, and sees tranquilly go from him the dearest of his possessions, trusting in God's love and wisdom.

But back into remembrance, back into the living presence of the past! — The two days passed so quickly, that I trembled as the joy of reunion always pressed nearer and nearer. I saw how on the first day the carriages and riders arrived from the town, how the Castle was animated with gay-looking guests. The flags were waving from the roof, music resounded through the courts. In the evening the lake was alive with pleasure gondolas, songs were heard over the waves, and I must listen, for I thought that she too was hearing these songs from her window. On the second day all was motion, and not till noon did the guests begin to depart; and late in the evening I saw the Councillor's carriage also going back alone to the town. Then I restrained myself

no longer. I knew she was alone,—I knew she thought of me; she wished me at her side. And yet I must pass another night without at least pressing her hand, without telling that the separation was past, and that the next morning would awaken us anew to happiness! I still saw the light in her window. And why should she be alone? why should I not, at least for a moment, feel her sweet presence? I was already standing at the Castle,—was just about to pull the bell. Then I stood suddenly still, and said: No! no weakness! Thou wouldest stand before her ashamed, like a thief in the night. Early to-morrow thou mayst approach her, as a hero returning from battle, and for whom the garland of love is being wove, which she shall bind to-morrow around his brow.

And the morning came, and I was by her,—actually with her. O, speak not of the spirit, as if it could be without the body! Full existence, consciousness of joy, is only where mind and body are one, an embodied spirit, a spiritualized body. There is no spirit without body, unless it be a ghost; no body without the spirit, except it be a corpse. Is the flower of the field without a spirit? Does there not look out from it a divine intention, a creative thought, which sustains it, which gives it life and being? That is its spirit, only that it is dumb in the flower, whilst in man it reveals itself in words. Real life is everywhere corporeal and spiritual life; true enjoyment is always material and spiritual union, and the whole world of memory, in which I had lived so happily for two days, vanished like a shadow, like a mere nothing, when I stood before her, and was actually in her presence. I wanted to place my hands on her brow, on her eyelids, on her cheeks, in order to know, to know certainly, that she was really true,—that it was not merely the image which hovered before me day and night, but a real being, who was not mine, and yet should and would be mine,—a being in whom I could believe as in myself, a being far from me, and yet nearer to me than I was to myself, without whom my life

was no life, even my death no death,— without whom my wretched existence would be breathed away like a sigh into infinite space. I felt it, as my thoughts and my looks overshadowed her, that now in this moment the blessedness of my being was complete; and a shuddering passed through me, and I thought of death, and it seemed to have no terror for me, for death could not destroy *this* love,— only purify, ennable, and render it immortal.

It was so beautiful to be silent with her. On her countenance was impressed the whole depth of her soul, and as I looked at her, I saw and heard all that lived and was treasured there.

"Thou troublest me," she seemed to say, and yet would not say it. "Are we again together? Be tranquil! Complain not! Question not! Be welcome to me! Be not vexed with me!" All this looked out of her eyes, and still we did not venture by a word to disturb the power of our reunion.

"Hast thou received a letter from the Councillor?" was her first question, and her voice trembled at each word.

"No," answered I.

She was silent a little while, then she said: "Perhaps it is better so, and that I should tell thee everything myself. My friend, we see each other to-day for the last time. Let us part in peace, without complaint, without displeasure. I have been much to blame, of that I am conscious. I have gone into thy life without reflecting how light a breath will often scatter the petals of a flower. I knew the world so little,— I did not think that a poor, suffering being like me could inspire anything more than compassion. I came to meet thee affectionately and openly, because I had known thee so long, because I felt myself so well in thy presence,— why should I not speak it out?— because I loved thee. But the world does not understand this love, and does not allow it. The Councillor has opened my eyes. The whole town talks of us; my brother, the Regent, has written to the

Prince, and he desires me never to see thee again. I mourn deeply that I must cause thee this pain. Tell me that thou forgivest me,— and then let us part as friends."

Her eyes had become filled with tears, and she closed them that her tears need not be seen. "Maria," said I, "for me there is but one life, it is with thee,— yet also but one will, and that is thine. Yes, I confess it to thee, I love thee with all the ardor of love, but I feel that I am not worthy of thee. Thou standest high above me in nobility, in elevation, in purity, and I can hardly seize the thought of calling thee my wife. Maria, thou art wholly free; I require no sacrifice. The world is large, and if it is thy will, we will never meet again. But if thou lovest me, if thou feelest that thou art mine, O, then let us forget the world and its cold judgment! On my arms will I bear thee to the altar, and kneeling will I swear to thee to be thine in life and in death."

"My friend," said she, "we must never will the impossible. Had it been God's will that such a bond should unite us in life, would He then have sent me the sufferings which make me incapable of being more than a helpless child? Do not forget, that what we call fate, circumstance, condition in life, are in truth only the appointments of Providence. To oppose ourselves to them is to oppose ourselves to God, and were it not childish, it might be called criminal. Men wander here on the earth, as the stars in the sky. God has pointed out their path on which they meet each other, and when they should go apart from each other they must separate,— their opposition would be in view, or it would destroy the whole order of the world. We cannot comprehend it, but we can trust. I myself do not yet understand why my inclination for you was wrong. No, I cannot, I will not call it wrong. But it *cannot* be, it *must* not be. My friend, this is enough, we must submit ourselves in humility and in faith."

In spite of the tranquillity with which she spoke, I saw how

deeply she suffered, and therefore I felt it would be wrong to give up so readily the struggle with life. I controlled myself as much as I could, that no passionate word might increase her sufferings, and said :—

“ If this is the last time we shall meet in this world, let us see clearly to whom we make this sacrifice. If our love is opposed to any higher law, I would bow myself, as you do, in humility before it. It would be to forget God, to act against a higher will. It may seem sometimes as if man could deceive God, as if his small cunning could gain something from Divine Wisdom. This is folly,—and the man who begins this Titan struggle will be shattered and annihilated. But what is opposed to our love? Nothing but the tattle of the world. I respect the laws of human society,—I respect them even when, as in our time, they are artificial and confused. A sick body requires artificial medicine, and without the limitations, and considerations, and prejudices of society, which we laugh at, it would be impossible for us to hold together the human family as it now is, and to attain the object of our earthly life together. We must sacrifice much to these Deities; and like the Athenians we send each year a heavily-laden ship of youths and maidens as a tribute to that monster who rules over the labyrinth of our society. There is no heart that is not broken, there is no man of real feeling who is not forced to clip the wings of his love before he can find rest in the cage of social life. This must be so, there is no other way. Thou art not acquainted with life, but if I look round among my friends, I could tell thee many tragic volumes. One of them loved a young maiden and was beloved by her. But he was poor, she was rich. The parents and cousins quarrelled and despised each other, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because society regards it as a misfortune that a woman should wear a dress made from the wool of an American plant, and not from the web of a Chinese worm.

“ Another loved, and his love was returned. But he was a

Protestant, she was a Catholic. The mothers and the priests made a difficulty, and two hearts were broken. Why? On account of the political drama which Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. performed together three centuries ago.

“A third loved, and his love was reciprocated. But he was noble, she was plebeian. The sisters quarrelled and were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a few hundred years ago, one soldier killed another, who threatened the life of the king in battle. This gave him a title and honors, and his great-grandson must atone, with the failure of his life, the blood which was then shed.

“The statisticians say, that at every hour a heart is broken,—and I believe it.

“Thou closest thy eyes, and I feel that I have said too much. The world has made the holiest thing in life the most commonplace. But, Maria, enough! Let us talk the language of the world when we must talk and act in it and with it. But let us preserve a sanctuary, where two hearts can speak the true language of the heart, undisturbed by the confusion of the world without. Society respects this reserve, this courageous opposition which noble hearts, conscious of their rights, make against the common course of things. The reserves, the proprieties, the prejudices of the world are like parasitic plants. It is beautiful, when a green ivy, with its thousand roots and tendrils, adorns a firm granite wall; but it must not thrive too well, or it will force itself into all the joints of our building, and destroy the cement which holds it together inwardly.

“Be mine, Maria,—follow the voice of thy heart. The word which now trembles on thy lips decides forever thy life and mine, my happiness and thine.”

I stopped. Her hand, which I held in mine, corresponded with its warm pressure to the feelings of our hearts. Within her all was commotion, and the blue heaven which lay before me never seemed so beautiful as now when the storm clouds were quickly passing over it.

“And why dost thou love me?” she said gently, as if she wished still to delay the moment of decision.

Why? Maria! Ask the child why it is born,—ask the flower why it blossoms,—ask the sun why it shines. I love thee because I must love thee. Yet if I must say still more to thee, let this book, which is at thy side and of which thou art so fond, speak for me. ‘The best should be the dearest, and in this love, neither use nor unuse, neither good nor harm, gain nor loss, honor nor dishonor, praise nor blame, nor anything of this kind, should be considered; but what is in truth the noblest and the best, that should be the best loved, and only for that alone, that it is the noblest and the best. Towards this should a man direct his life inwardly and outwardly. From without: when among creatures one is better than the other, there then does the eternal good strive and work more in one than in the other. Now in whom the eternal good most shines, lightens, works, and is known and loved, that is also the best among the creatures; and in whom it is least, that is also the least good. Now just as a man handles and goes with the creature, and perceives this difference, so shall the best creature be the dearest to him, and he should diligently adhere to it, and unite himself with it.’ Maria, since thou art the best creature whom I know, therefore do I seek thee, therefore thou art dear to me,—therefore we love each other. Say the word that is living within thee, say that thou art mine; deny not thy inmost feeling. God has given thee a suffering life,—he sends me to thee, in order to suffer with thee. Thy sufferings shall be my sufferings, and we will bear them together, as the ship bears the heavy sails which convey it at last through the storms of life into the secure haven.”

She became more and more tranquil. The light blush played on her cheeks like a silent evening sky. Then she opened her eyes wide,—the sun shone out again with wondrous splendor.

“I am thine,” said she: “God wills it. Take me as I am,—as long as I live I am thine, and may God lead us together into a fairer life, and reward thee for thy love.”

We embraced each other; my lips pressed with a light kiss the lips on which the blessedness of my life had just hovered. Time stood still for us,—the world around us had vanished. Then a light sigh escaped from her breast. "May God pardon me for this bliss," she whispered. "Now leave me alone,—I can bear no more. Till we meet again, my friend, my beloved, my preserver!"

These were the last words which I heard from her lips. But no. I had gone home and was lying on my bed in disturbed dreams. Midnight had passed, when the Hofrath came into my room. "Our angel is in heaven," said he; "here is the last greeting which she sends thee." With these words he gave me a note. It contained the ring which she had once given to me, and which I had given back to her, with the words: "As God wills." It was folded in an old piece of paper, on which she had before written the words which I had said to her when a child: "What is thine, is mine. Thy Maria."

We sat together an hour without saying a word. It was an intellectual powerlessness which Heaven sends us when the burden of grief is too great for us to bear. At last the old man got up, took my hand, and said: "We see each other to-day for the last time, for thou must go from here, and my days are numbered. There is but one thing which I must say to thee,—a secret which I have borne about with me my whole life, and acknowledged to no one. I long for some one to confess it to. Listen to me. The soul which has gone from us was a beautiful soul, a pure, glorious mind, a deep, true heart. I knew a spirit beautiful as hers,—even more beautiful! That was her mother. I loved her mother, her mother loved me. We were both poor, and I struggled with life, in order to procure for her and for myself an honorable position in the world. The young Prince saw my betrothed, and loved her. He was my Prince, he loved her truly, he was ready to lay everything at her feet, and to raise

her, the poor orphan, to the rank of a Princess. I loved her so much that I sacrificed to her my love and my happiness. I abandoned my home, and wrote to her to release her from her obligation. I never saw her afterwards till she was on her death-bed. She died at the birth of her first daughter. Now you know why I loved your Maria, and have redeemed her life from day to day. She was the only being who still bound my heart to life. Bear life as I have borne it. Do not lose a day in vain regrets. Help mankind wherever you can, love them, and thank God a human heart like hers has been given you on the earth, to know, to see, to love, and to lose."

"As God wills," said I, and we separated for life.

And days, and weeks, and months, and years have passed away; my home has become a strange land, and the strange land a home to me. But her love has remained to me, and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has love to her fallen into the living ocean of humanity, penetrating and embracing millions,—millions of "strangers," whom I have loved so much from childhood.

Only on still summer days, like to-day, when one lies alone in the green wood on the heart of nature, and knows not whether men exist without, or whether one lives alone, wholly alone on the earth, then memory springs up from the grave, the buried thoughts rise again, the whole power of love returns to the heart, and streams back to that beautiful being, who looks at me again with those deep impenetrable eyes; and then it is as if the love to millions vanished in the love to one,—to my good angel,—and my thoughts are dumb before the inexplicable riddle of finite and of infinite love.

LITTLE MABEL.

BY REV. J. G. FORMAN.

A LOVELY child they called Mabel,
When she had seen five summers bloom,
Up with the angels went to dwell,
In the Good Shepherd's heavenly home.

In the still room the casket lay
From which had fled her fleeting breath,
And sadly fell the light of day,
And mournfully the shade of death.

Within that home was bitter grief,
Such as God sends our faith to prove ;
And anguished hearts sought their relief
In Him whose words and life were love.

Fair was the sweet and childish face ;
Her form was cast in Beauty's mould ;
Her head possessed a sculptured grace,
With wavy locks of burnished gold.

But from her eyes the light was gone ;
Her hands were crossed upon her breast ;
And flowers by loving hands were strewn
Within the cradle of her rest.

As the last look of love was given,
I viewed that sweet, pale face once more,
And, thinking inwardly of Heaven,
I saw what seemed the heavenly shore.

The vision rose upon my sight ;
The air was balmy and serene ;
The stream of Life looked fair and bright ;
The heavenly hills were clothed in green.

And as she reached the pastures fair,
Where the Good Shepherd's flock doth dwell,
A song of angels filled the air,
"Welcome the little lamb, Mabel!"

"Welcome another child from earth!
Welcome, with joy, her heavenly birth!
With guardian angels she shall dwell:
Welcome the darling child, Mabel!"

"Translated from a world of sin,
Where woe and death have entered in,
Her spirit now with us shall dwell:
Welcome the sainted child, Mabel!"

"Here, where the Saviour's love is told,
Within the heavenly Shepherd's fold,
Shall her pure spirit ever dwell:
Welcome the darling lamb, Mabel!"

And when the angels' song did cease,
And on the air had died away,
My heart was filled with inward peace,
And thus I heard the Shepherd say:

"Up, in the heavenly dwelling-place,
Their angel spirits do behold
The glory of our Father's face,
More radiant than shining gold."

"They look upon his smile of love;
They share his kind and gracious care;
In bright, elysian fields they rove,
And feel his presence ever there."

Thus heard we, on the heavenly shore,
His voice, like music on the sea,
And to our hearts came, o'er and o'er,
The words, "Arise and follow me."

THE OLD AND THE NEW UNITARIANISM.

UNITARIANISM, in its strict and extra-denominational sense, means that form of doctrine which holds sacred the numerical unity of the Godhead, in opposition to all forms of Tritheism and Polytheism. Christian Unitarianism maintains this numerical unity along with a supernatural revelation of God to man in Jesus Christ. Recent discussions have created a fresh interest in the inquiry, What was the belief of the primitive Church on this subject, and how does the theology of the first three centuries interpret the theology of the Bible?

The theme grows in importance and interest as it becomes better understood; for the more clearly we apprehend that primitive theology which wrought such amazing results upon society, the more shall we see its Divine adaptations, not only to ourselves, but to the wants of man in all ages of the world. We will endeavor to give in a popular way what we conceive to be the unquestionable results of learning and scholarship, and we will endeavor to deduce some of the important lessons of history on this subject.

The theology of the first three centuries was Unitarian.* Not a trace of the modern doctrine of three coequal persons in the Godhead anywhere appears. We would not put this affirmation so strongly unless the candid of all sects, whose opinion is of value, acknowledged that this is so. Neander and Cudworth on this point are both of them full and decisive.

Three forms of belief are traceable in these early ages. The first is the *Humanitarian*. It asserted that Christ was simply a man, having a divine mission like the old prophets, begotten of Joseph, distinguished from other men, not by his nature, but by the special work he was set apart to do. This was the faith of an obscure Jewish sect, that dwindled and died. It was a view of Christ from the Jewish stand-point,

* We mean by Unitarian the doctrine of one God in one person.

which very soon disappeared. It made no progress, and inspired no living and working energy.

The second form was known as the *Monarchian*. It asserted the Deity of Christ, but it denied all essential distinctions in the Divine nature. It asserted that Christ himself was the Father, and therefore it was called the Patriconian theory, since it assumed that the Father suffered in Christ. Sometimes it varied its statements a little and took the form of Sabellianism, which taught, that while there is but one Divine essence and substance, there are three evolutions out of it in time,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These are not eternal distinctions in the *nature* of Deity, but temporal modes of revelation, to cease when the purpose for which they were made is accomplished. There is reason to believe that the Monarchian form prevailed in the first age extensively among the laity. It was embraced by single-minded people, unlearned and unreasoning, who had found a Saviour in Christ, and who clung to him with warm devotion, and were intolerant of any theorizing upon the subject.

But this did not and could not satisfy the philosophic mind of the Church. It could not be received by such thinkers as Clement, Justin, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Athanasius. They saw it was not the doctrine of St. Paul or of St. John, and that neither reason nor exegesis could be brought into its service. Hence what is called the *subordination theory* became the Catholic doctrine,—in fact, the real Church theology, which prevailed from Apostolic days down to the Nicene Council in 325, and under which the Church was compacted and unitized, and led on to its glorious conquests and victories. This theory we will now endeavor to describe.

It is said by some to have been borrowed from Plato, or brought into the Church by Platonizing converts. Of this there is no other evidence than a striking resemblance between it and the doctrines of the later Platonism; and we may just as well suppose, as Mosheim does, that the later Platonists stole it from the Church, as that the Church stole

it from them. What is more credible than either supposition is, that there is divine truth descending into all receptive minds, and the more purely it is received, the more striking are its resemblances and the more full the recognition from its mutual beholdings.

Certain it is, however, that the Christian Fathers were warm admirers of Platonism, and thought it almost Christian; and this fact helps us pretty surely to their meaning and the interpretation of their theology. What, then, is the Platonic conception of the Deity, which they admired so much as resembling their own?

Plato makes an essential distinction, not merely in the *manifestations*, but in the intrinsic *nature* of the Deity. First and highest is the Agathon, the SUPREMELY GOOD,—the originating, underived, eternal fountain in the Godhead. But he did not believe, as the Pantheists do, that this flows down continuously into nature, or first comes to self-consciousness in man. The Supremely Good creates for itself a Nous, or Logos, and this is none other than the Divine Intellect itself. This is eternally begotten out of the first Good, for into this the Agathon forever flows. The Nous, or Logos, is the First Fair, the Eternal Pulchritude, the Everlasting Beauty; for in this existed spiritually the forms and patterns of all material nature before the worlds were made. Material things were not created out of nothing, but out of the Divine Logos; they existed there as perfect and glorious archetypes ere the archetypes took on their material vesture and unrolled this natural scenery of the universe, when, as Milton says, himself Platonizing, it showed

“In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea.”*

It will be thus seen that Plato teaches two hypostases of

* “How dimly toiled the mystic sage,
This precious truth to find,—
That THINGS ARE PICTURES OF IDEAS
That fill the Eternal Mind.”

the Divine nature, one subordinate to the other ;— the Good, and the Nous—inferior to the Good, and always produced out of it. The Good is the eternal fountain of being, and the Nous is the Designer, the Demiurgus, or World-Maker, through whom the good comes into fair and glorious types ere they take shape in the realm of matter.

Or, to put the same conception into more popular language,—there is the same distinction in the Divine nature that there is in the faculties of man. There is Goodness, which in a perfect man is first and highest, the creative fountain in his nature, flowing down through all his inferior being. But this must have an Intellect into which it may flow and run down into moulds of beauty and beneficence ; and so this latter is begotten and shaped out of the former, for a good man's thought is always the child of his love. Only we must bear in mind that in the Platonic theology Goodness and Intellect are not merely abstract principles of the Divine nature, but hypostases or veritable DIVINE SUBSTANCES, distinct eternally, yet one acting through the other, the Nous being always the medium and servant of the Agathon.*

It is doubtful whether Plato went any further than this, or whether the third hypostasis in his trinity was what Cudworth claims for him. But there is no question as to what the system became in the hands of his disciples.† They make a third hypostasis,—“a soul of the world,” an emanation

* Plato is thus expounded by Porphyry : “Plato thus declareth concerning the First Good, that from it was generated a certain Mind incomprehensible to mortals ; in which, subsisting by itself, are contained the things that truly are, and the essences of all beings. This is the First Fair or Pulchritude itself, which proceeded or sprung out of God from all eternity, but notwithstanding after a peculiar manner, as self-begotten, and as its own parent.” — *Cudworth's Intellectual System*, Vol. II. p. 370.

† The most noted expositors of the later Platonism are Philo Judæus, Plotinus, and Porphyry, the first of whom flourished soon after the birth of Christ, the other two in the third century. Philo was an Alexandrian Jew, and an admirer of the Essenes, whose esoteric doctrines he is thought to have adopted.

from the Logos, filling all things with infusions of its own life and beauty, proceeding from the Divine Good, through the Divine Intellect, and rolling through the universe in never-ceasing waves.

It is important to observe, that, though the Platonists apply the term God to each of the three hypostases of their Trinity, they do not mean three persons in our modern sense of the word ; they mean three coessentials, eternally distinct, never to be confounded, the third subordinate to the second and born from it, the second to the first and born from it ; as the work of an artist comes from the intellect that planned it, while the intellect is always shaped from and fructified by the love of beauty that wells up as the fountain of all ; *love, intellect, and the power of execution* being the trinal nature of the one artist constantly manifest in the beautiful chiselings under his hand. "For," says Cudworth, "though they commonly affirm their second hypostasis to have been begotten from their first, and their third from their second, yet do they by no means understand thereby any such generation as that of men, where the father, son, and grandson, when adults at least, have no essential dependence one upon another, nor gradual subordination in their nature, but are all perfectly coequal and alike absolute. Because *this* is but an imperfect generation, where that which is begotten doth not receive its whole being originally from that which did beget, but from God and nature, the begetter being but a channel or instrument, and having been himself before begotten or produced from some other. Whereas the first Divine hypostasis is altogether unbegotten from any other, he being the sole principle and original of all things, and therefore must the second needs derive its whole essence from him, and be generated after another manner, namely, in a way of natural emanation, as light is from the sun ; and consequently, though coeternal, have an essential dependence on him and gradual subordination to him."

Such was the Platonic Trinity to which the Christian

fathers make constant allusion, and which they claim was borrowed originally from the Hebrew Scriptures. "These three Platonic hypostases," says Cudworth, summing up the matter, "seem to be really nothing else but infinite Goodness, infinite Wisdom, and infinite active Love and Power, not as mere qualities or accidents, but as substantial things that have some kind of subordination one to another, all concurring to make up one Divinity." *

And this is none other than the subordination system of the Christian Church for three hundred years. This the fathers opposed to the Monarchians and Humanitarians as the theology of the New Testament. "Plotinus and Numinous," says Theodoret, "explaining Plato's sense, declare him to have asserted three eternals, Good, Mind, and the Soul of the Universe; he calling that the Agathon which to us is Father, that Mind which to us is the Word, and that Psyche, or a power of animating and enlivening all things, which our Scriptures call the Holy Ghost." Which borrowed from the other, it is not our purpose now to inquire. Certain it is that some of the Platonists admired the Book of John as much as Clement, Origen, and Justin admired Plato. "The beginning of John's Gospel," says one of them, "deserves to be writ in letters of gold."

In the theology of the first three centuries, Christ is the Logos, the Eternal Word, the Divine Intellect, always produced from the Father, through whom this fair creation was modelled and evolved, and who became incarnate for the salvation of mankind. The Logos did not come and inspire or commission a man named Jesus Christ; he is himself the

* Page 408. Plotinus sums it thus: "Wherefore we ought not to entertain any other principles, but, having placed first the simple Good, to set Mind, the supreme intellect, next after it, and then the universal Soul in the third place. For this is the right order according to nature, neither to make more intelligibles nor fewer than these." (p. 384.) Again: "How should we consider this second hypostasis otherwise than as the circumfused splendor which encompasseth the body of the sun, and from that always remaining is perpetually generated anew?" (p. 393.) Philo is to the same purpose. (p. 397).

Christ, born as such into the world, and shining upon it as the very wisdom of the Father. They do not deny, but assert, that Christ had a finite nature and a human soul; but so far forth as he is an object of worship, he is the Logos, or second hypostasis in the Divine nature. Unlike the Monarchians, who represent the Deity as a "monad," a bare unity, they represent him as a Divine Organism, one principle of his nature lower down than another, eternally distinct, yet both within the Divine self-consciousness, in virtue of which the Divine nature is capable of coming down to man and adapting itself to his wants, yet never ceasing to be Divine. In place of bald unity there is *gradation* in the Divine, even as in human nature, from the highest or inmost, which no one can approach, to the outermost, where God comes down into a lower self-consciousness, and accommodates himself to all exigencies and affairs. "By this means," says Cudworth, "there will not be so vast a chasm and hiatus betwixt God and the highest creatures, or so great a leap and jump in the creation as otherwise there must needs be. Nor will the whole Deity be screwed up in such disproportionate height and elevation, as would render it altogether incapable of having any intercourse and commerce with the lower world; it being according to this hypothesis of theirs brought down by certain steps and degrees nearer and nearer to us."

It becomes perfectly evident what the Christian Fathers mean when they speak of Christ as begotten of, dependent upon, or derived from and inferior to the Father. *They do not mean one being begotten from another being.* No such heathenish conception is intended as that of one God the Father of another God. This is not their idea of the relation of the Father and the Son. And when they speak of Christ as consubstantial with the Father, they do not mean two beings with a common divine nature, after the manner of James and John with a common human nature. It is true that they use such illustrations when they wish to emphasize the truth that there are eternal essentials in the Godhead

never to be confounded. But they are careful to emphasize this other truth, that these essentials make but one Deity, even as heart and reason and their effluence make but one person in man. They use this very illustration. Athanasius quotes Dionysius to this effect. "For reason is the efflux of the mind, which in men is derived from the heart into the tongue, where it is become another reason differing from that in the heart, and yet do both these mutually exist in each other, they belonging to one another; and so, though being two, are one thing. Thus are the Father and the Son one thing, they being said to exist in each other."*

Then there is the constantly recurring illustration of the sun and the splendor that flows from it. "The Son is in the Father, as may be conceived from hence; because the whole being of the Son is proper to the essence of the Father, he being derived from it as the splendor from the light and the river from the fountain." That by the Father and the Son being *homoousion*, or consubstantial, they do not mean two beings with a like nature, but one being having a Divine organism, might be largely verified. The three hypostases make up one entire Divinity, according to Athanasius, "not as three individual men are coessential with each other," but as the tree is consubstantial with the root, or the branches with the vine, "root, stock, and branches making up one entire thing, even as the three hypostases, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, make up one entire Divinity." He denounces the Arians because they "conceive of incorporeal things after a corporeal manner." And again: "Neither do we acknowledge three hypostases, divided or separate by themselves, *as is to be seen corporeally in men*, that we may not comply with the pagan polytheism."†

We have not space to quote Origen, Tertullian, Justin, and Clement of Alexandria, all of whom speak strongly and pointedly to the same purpose. The Father is the Supreme

* Cudworth, p. 454.

† Ibid., p. 491.

Good, and the Son or Word is the Divine Reason, always produced from or born of the Father, not in the natural sense, but as man's word or embodied thought issues from the invisible deeps of the heart, or as the splendor of the sun is produced perpetually from the body of its fires. And the Holy Ghost is begotten of both the others, and is the Divine Love in action, transfusing life, or being shed down through the hearts of men.*

We are now prepared to understand what were the merits of the "Arian controversy," the sound of which has not yet died away. Arius, in opposition to the Logos doctrine of the Church, denied that Christ as the Word is eternally begotten of the Father. He was created out of nothing. There was a period when he was not. He is an inferior finite being, separate from God though superior to angels. He was before all time, and he created the worlds. Arius calls him God in a subordinate sense, and worthy of divine honors, though not the honors accorded supremely to the Deity. This was the very doctrine of Paganism, and was vehemently opposed, as an attempt to import idolatry into Christian worship. To worship a creature, though in a subordinate sense, was precisely what the heathen did, for they acknowledged One Supreme above their local and created deities. The Catholic Church, says Athanasius, does not believe more than the Homoousian Trinity, "lest it tumble

* Athanasius reiterates: "It appears from the similitude used by us, that we do not introduce three principles, — we not comparing the Trinity to three suns, but only to the sun and its splendor." Tertullian uses the same illustration, entering the same protest against Tritheism. Dionysius of Alexandria says: "God is an eternal light, which never began and shall never cease to be; wherefore there is an eternal splendor also coexistent with him, which had no beginning neither, but was always generated by him, shining out before him." Clement, referring to the Platonic hypostases, says: "I understand this no otherwise than that the holy Trinity is signified thereby." Origen says: "We worship the Father of truth, and the Son, the truth itself, two things as to hypostasis, but one in agreement, consent, and sameness of will." This primitive theology began in the fourth century to split into Tritheism, and the three hypostases became persons. Swedenborg reaffirmed the ante-Nicene doctrine.

down into Arianism, which is the same with pagan polytheism and idolatry,"* since it introduced in like manner the worshipping of creatures together with the Creator.

It will be seen, then, that to the Trinitarians of the first three centuries, and not to their antagonists, belongs the honor of preserving the unity of Christian worship. More than this. Their Logos doctrine preserves the integrity and authority of Christianity as a revelation of God, and not the prophesying of a man or an angel.† If Christ is a creature, said they, then he is mutable and his word is not eternal. But if he is the Logos itself, the incarnation of God, the Eternal Reason, in whom the Father shines full-orbed upon man, then God in his own nature and person is revealed, and Christianity is a body of unchanging truth out of the Divine Substance. God is not hidden in eternity, a "monad" which we cannot approach, but he has come near to us, down all the Divine gradations, and is not, as Arianism affirms, on the other side of an impassable gulf. "The Father, by the Word, in the Holy Ghost," says Athanasius, "does all things. And thus is the unity of the whole Trinity conserved, and one God preached in the Church; namely, such as is above all, and by or through all, and in all. Above all as the Father, the principle and fountain, through all by the Word, and in all by the Holy Spirit."

The book of John, not only in the Golden Proem, but in its whole drift, from beginning to end, is the support and

* Cudworth, p. 446.

† The following is the creed of Arius which he presented to the Emperor Constantine:—"We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ the Lord, his Son, begotten of Him before all ages, God the Word, by whom all things were made which are in heaven and which are on earth, who descended and was incarnate, and suffered and rose again, and ascended into heaven, and will come to judge the quick and the dead, and in the Holy Spirit, and in the resurrection of the flesh, and in the life in the world to come, and in the kingdom of heaven, and in the Catholic Church of God from one end of the earth to the other." (Dr. Sykes's Enquiry, p. 41.) The creed is carefully worded, ascribing to the Son exalted honors and attributes, but avoiding the Church doctrine of his eternal generation and Supreme Divinity.

defence of the subordination system of the ante-Nicene Fathers, and to that they appeal. No wonder the Apostle is charged with Platonizing, for the Logos theory is all there. No sane interpreter will suppose that the terms Father and Son, as used by the Evangelist, describe a natural relation, as if the Deity, like Jupiter, had begotten and brought up a favorite child! And yet the words "only begotten," "all things are *delivered* unto me," or "*given*," and the like, are constantly pressed into the service of Ariānism, as if they described one being begotten and endowed by another being. "Must not he who is begotten," it is demanded, "have a derived existence?—must not the Son be a being inferior to the Father who begat him?" Why not push the thought into its last logical and shocking absurdity, and say that the Deity sustains the conjugal relation also? Why not be consistent and done with it, and say that in the Christian heavens, as in the heathen, there is some one, "*conjux et soror*," of whom sons are born? Away with this hideous Naturalism! For any finite and created being to stand up before men and say, "I am the only begotten of the Almighty;"—for a Washington or a Howard, however "endowed" or "developed" or "commissioned," to proclaim, "He that hath seen me hath seen God,"—"All power is given me both in heaven and upon the earth,"—"No man knoweth God but myself, and he to whom I reveal him,"—"All things that God hath are mine,"—"God judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto me,"—would be the height of insanity or the height of blasphemy. But it is language which describes most perfectly the subordination system of the early Christian Church. For reason is a lower principle than love; the understanding is an hypostasis lower down and more external than that of the good,—is born of it, filled with it, fertilized by it, takes from it its excellence, glory, power, and beneficence,—yea, without it must wane and die. To it all judgment is committed. And if the Divine nature, like man's, is not a bald and abstract unity, but

a DIVINE ORGANISM of eternal hypostases, distinct, but, as the early Fathers contended, "inexistent," then the Divine Logos, of which Christ is the incarnation, is eternally begotten of the Infinite Love, has all things given it of the Father, has the judgment of the world committed to it, is the medium through which all things were made, in which was the glorious plan and paradigm of the creation from all eternity, through whom all the firmaments of suns and stars were unrolled, in whom we behold the Father's glory full of grace and truth, and through whom the Comforter descends on our souls as the showerings of perpetual grace.

There are some indications that modern Unitarianism is to reaffirm and emphasize the Logos doctrine of the early Church,—the only form of Christian Unitarianism which in the long run ever had much working and renovating power. In our judgment Unitarianism could not render a more signal service to the age, or build in any other way an effectual barrier against a distracting Tritheism without, and an encroaching and deadening Pantheism within. Arianism lacks coherence and vital force, is essentially ditheistic and idolatrous, elevating a creature to a place of power and honor due to no finite being, making a finite being the creator of the universe, just as the Gnostics did, thus robbing the Creator of his glory and dividing it with another. It is unphilosophical, destroys the simplicity, beauty, and power of Christian worship, removes God out of sight, and, though it pays to his Son, "created out of nothing," honors which it calls "subordinate,"—they are honors which are due to the one God alone. He only is Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier, and Judge, and he cannot discharge himself of his own Almigh-tiness; there can be no sub-deities in his dominions, and around him must gather all the splendors of the Godhead to make Christian worship renewing, and give the soul a centre to all its aspirations and loves. Hence Arianism, by a logical necessity, tends constantly either to ascend into the lofty Unitarianism of the Logos doctrine, or else to sink into Hu-

manitarianism. Between these two extremes the theologic horizon is likely to be cleared at last. Or rather, between the Logos doctrine and Pantheism; for Humanitarianism cannot rest till it swamps there. Because, take away the Logos, the Divine Nous revealed in the incarnation and ever beaming from the face of Jesus Christ, and out of whom alone the archetypes of the universe were evolved and took forms on the plane of nature,—take this away, and there is nothing left between the All-good and nature itself. The Good flows down unbroken, a dumb and unconscious energy, and takes its first phasis and manifestation in trees and flowers and boys and girls. Not in his Logos, where the All-good comes down into personality, but in mute nature or in man will be seen the first aspect and presentation of the Godhead, and to this ghastly result we hasten when the Logos doctrine is lost. There is no Intellect or conscious Designer between the Good and the material forms in which it appears,—and this is Pantheism. It only finds a Nous or comes to self-consciousness in human beings, and this is self-worship,—the apotheosis of human nature. Such is the downward slide from Arianism into Naturalism. Whereas the Logos doctrine of the Church, such as it was before the Church became apostate, and such as we doubt not it will ever be with growing majesty and effulgence,—one God revealed in his eternally begotten and Incarnate Word, and the Comforter coming through that Word to bring men into unison with himself,—supplies all the wants of the heart, and makes all forms of Tritheism and Polytheism fade away before it.

The idea that God created worlds, and that he gives the Holy Spirit through another being, and is to judge the world through a substitute, and one "created out of nothing," is anomalous and monstrous. For creation is the function of Omnipotence alone. It is not a mechanical work put forth a great while ago and terminated. It is God ever flowing down into nature and constituting its inmost life, thus creating it all the while. It is the Infinite Good producing

itself according to and through the Infinite Wisdom, thus making all natural things the fresh prints and copies of the Infinite Mind. As if this attribute could be imparted to a creature while God kept off in the eternal silence ! As if another could wield his omnipotence ; as South puts it, as if God could "thunder and lighten by proxy" ! The Logos doctrine is the highest and most reasonable philosophy, while at the same time it unfolds an evangelic and all-renewing theology.

S.

THE DEW.

'T is not the copious rains alone
Which bless the parched soil ;
The gentle dews, that nightly fall,
Reward the sower's toil.

Unseen, unheard, the dews descend,
Like slumber on the mind ;
And on the thirsty hills and fields
A blessing leave behind.

In the cool stillness of the night
The drooping plants revive,
The grass and every tender herb
With their sweet influence thrive.

See, lifted on each pointed blade,
How bright the dew-drops shine !
And learn in trusting, humble faith
To trace the Hand Divine.

That, though no clouds their fulness drop,
In answer to our prayer ;
Still we may own, from day to day,
Our God for us doth care.

J. V.

SEEING GOD.

A SERMON BY REV. B. F. BARRETT.

MATT. V. 8.—“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

THESE words form a portion of the divine Saviour's sermon on the mount,—a sermon which may be regarded as an abstract of Christianity,—a comprehensive summary of the Christian religion. And they express that sure and everlasting connection existing between virtue and happiness, purity and peace, which is everywhere taught in the spiritual sense of God's Word. Who does not recognize in them at once the sign and seal of inspiration? Clearly do they seem to have emanated from the same fountain of truth and goodness which furnishes the sunshine and the rain, causing the grass to spring forth, and the flowers to blossom. All nature is vocal with the self-same utterance; and the experience of myriads of regenerated human spirits affirms the truth of the declaration that the pure in heart are blessed.

Three things are suggested by the text, which claim especial attention:—

1. Who are the pure in heart?
2. What is meant by their seeing God?
3. The blessedness promised.

1. Who are the pure in heart? None are so absolutely, but only relatively or approximately. Even the angelic heavens themselves are not pure in the sight of God. But they whose motives are pure and innocent,—whose ruling love is, in its noble unselfishness, allied to the Lord's love,—whose governing purpose it is to do always the will of the Heavenly Father,—such are called, in the language of Holy Writ, “pure in heart.” The *heart*, as all Christians know, is used in Scripture, as it is also in familiar discourse, to denote the will-principle in man, or the affections of the will,—the love-element, whether good or bad. Thus the Psalmist prays: “Incline my *heart* to thy testimonies;”—“Let my

heart be sound in thy statutes ; ” — “ Incline not my *heart* to any evil thing.” And in the Gospel of Matthew (ch. xv.), we read, “ For out of the *heart* proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.” In these, and many other like passages, it is plain that the *heart* is used to denote the dominant love, or the affections of man’s will. And so, too, in familiar discourse, we speak of persons of warm affections, of a large, generous, and unselfish will, as warm-hearted, or large and generous-hearted ; while those of an opposite character — all mean, calculating, and selfish people — are familiarly spoken of as cold-hearted, heartless, or without heart. And Christians who desire more of God’s love in their wills are in the habit of praying that their *hearts* may be filled with his love.

The *heart*, then, corresponds to the will of man. And this is one of the correspondences which has never been lost sight of in the Church ; for all Christians give a spiritual meaning to this word. As the heart is the seat and fountain of life to the body, so is the will the seat and fountain of life to the spirit. And as the blood, distributed to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, must be first cleansed and prepared for its office by the pure breath of heaven in the lungs, else the body will pine and sicken, so must the affections of the will be enlightened and purified by God’s own truth received into the understanding, else the soul will not be in health,—the spirit will not bloom with an immortal vigor. There is a most beautiful and perfect analogy here. It is the pure air of heaven which can alone purify the blood and render it capable of imparting health and joy to the body ; and so, too, it is the pure truth of heaven—the precious truth of God’s own Word — which alone can purify the affections so that these shall impart health and gladness to the spirit. It is the noxious exhalations from the earth which render the atmosphere foul and unwholesome ; and so it is the still more noxious exhalations from our own earth-cleaving minds,— the vapors that arise from passion,

prejudice, and all selfish and evil feelings,— which defile the Lord's truth, and unfit it for imparting health and elasticity to the spirit.

The pure in heart, then, are all whose wills have become regenerated and cleansed through the power of divine truth. The state of the natural or unregenerate heart is one of supreme selfishness. The natural man is full of evil inclinations, unholy passions, and filthy lusts, all originating in the love of self. And the love of self, which is the ruling love of us all in our unregenerate state, is essential impurity. It is this which defiles the inner sanctuary of the Lord,— the human soul,— rendering it “the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.” It is this inward spiritual defilement to which the Lord refers, when He says by the mouth of His prophet: “Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes.” Also when He says: “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes. And I will save you from all your uncleannesses.” (Ez. xxxvi. 25—29). By the *clean water* wherewith the Lord promises to cleanse His people, is plainly signified divine truth from Himself; for it is by means of truth from the Word of the Lord,— truth received, understood, and reverently obeyed,— that the supreme selfishness of the natural heart is overcome, and thus the soul's impurity washed away. And in the degree that we are cleansed of this defilement of self-love, and the Lord puts his spirit within us, we are regenerated,— born again,— renewed in the spirit and temper of our minds,— made pure in heart. We are animated by a love similar to that of our Divine Master,— a love that centres not on self, but pours itself forth in deeds of mercy, kindness, and beneficence on those around us. Then only is our love like the Lord's love, when our ends and aims are similar to His;

when we seek not our own good, but the good of others ; when our great and abiding purpose is to employ whatever gifts have been bestowed on us in a manner most useful to the neighbor. The Lord's love is like the beams of the unweared sun. It is continually pouring itself out,—continually seeking to impart itself to others,—continually seeking to save and bless,—continually striving to make men receptive of its own unutterable delights. With what unspeakable tenderness does that love yearn to deliver us from the pollution of guilt and sin ! How it follows us all our lives, through all the crooked and filthy ways where Satan delights to lead us ! How it frustrates our selfish hopes, wounds our natural pride, balks our vaulting ambition, disappoints our worldly expectations, hedges up the pathway which our unbridled self-love marks out, and all for our own good, that it may open up within us a purer and nobler life ! How it sends sickness, sorrow, pain, suffering in myriad forms,—all ministers of mercy to check our wanderings in forbidden paths, block up some gateway to the realms of woe, and lead us on to heavenly mansions ! Yes ; it is in the very nature of true love to seek never its own,—to have no thought of itself, its own ease, pleasure, or advancement of any kind ; but to watch and strive and labor and wait and sacrifice and suffer for the good of others. And such is the Lord's nature, for He is Love itself, and this is Purity itself. And in the degree that we become conjoined to Him through a life of religious obedience to his precepts, we become like Him ; He dwells in us, and we in Him ; our hearts are the abode of His pure and unselfish love ; we live to do good, and to be mediums of heaven's light and warmth to those around us ; it is our delight to watch and labor and suffer for the welfare and happiness of others ; we are pure in heart.

" But oh !" you will say, " how far off this state of pure, unselfish love seems from me ! How different from *my* state ! It seems as if I never could reach it ! I long for that sweet innocence, that heart purity of which you speak, but it does

not come. I desire to be unselfish,—to live and labor for the good of others, or from a genuine love of use,—but I can't do it. Self-love seems to mingle more or less in all my motives. Some selfish considerations enter into all my plans and purposes. I do nothing from genuine love of the Lord or the neighbor." Undoubtedly you are right, friend ; and your case is not peculiar. You have described what is probably the state of most, if not all of us. But happy are you if you can really see and acknowledge yourself far from the full stature of angelhood or of regenerate manhood. This proves, at least, that you have taken one step in the right direction. This acknowledgment is itself a germ, a seed-form of the kingdom. It has within it a breath of heavenly life,—a spark, at least, of the Lord's own love, which may in time be kindled into a heavenly flame.

Yes ; without doubt we all are yet very far from the state of the pure in heart,—too far, possibly, to have a very distinct view of what that state really is,—too far, undoubtedly, to discern all its beauties and glories ; and a long and weary way may lie between us and that heavenly Canaan. But that need not discourage us, so we be sure that our faces are set in the right direction,—that we are really travelling towards the promised land. Suppose we have as yet but a mere spark of heaven's pure love in our hearts. The kingdom of heaven is, like all other things, always small at the beginning. But as the Lord's own love is the all in all of that kingdom, it has within it a principle of life which may go on unfolding and strengthening through all eternity, making the heart more and more pure, because a more perfect receptacle of the divine life.

2. But it is said in the text, that the pure in heart "shall see God," as if this were their peculiar privilege,—a great and glorious reward. What is the meaning of this language? Does it mean simply that they shall enjoy an external and ocular view of God?—that they shall behold Him with their bodily eyes merely, as we see the forms and

colors of natural objects ? This would be natural seeing. And if there were only a natural sense to the Scripture, we might be forced to conclude that this is all that is meant. But the Bible, we know, contains a spiritual sense throughout. There is, therefore, a spiritual as well as a natural seeing. And to see spiritually is to perceive with the mind, that is, to understand. Saul *saw* that the Lord was with David ; that is, he had an understanding, or mental perception of the fact. And the Psalmist says : "O, taste and *see* that the Lord is good ;" that is, you will perceive or understand his goodness, by tasting it, or receiving it into your own soul.

Now, when or how do we see a finite human being ? I mean the real man. We see his body with our natural eyes, just as we see hills, rocks, and trees. But the body is not the real man ; therefore we do not truly see the man by merely seeing his body. The body is but the outward form. The mind is the man ; and to see a person truly, we must see his mind,— that is, we must understand his mental characteristics, his varied powers of thought and feeling ; we must see his manhood,— his generosity, his magnanimity, his wisdom, his meekness, sincerity, humility, and love,— or, if he possess not these, then their opposites. It is mind only that can see mind ; and we can truly see, that is, can fully understand, only those characteristics of mind, those thoughts and feelings, which we ourselves have had, and therefore know by experience. The measure of this kind of mental or spiritual seeing is in ourselves. Thoughts which we have never had, love which we have never felt, tastes and feelings which we have never experienced, aspirations which we have never known, emotions with which our bosoms have never throbbed,— what can we really know of them, or how can we *see* them in another in the sense of truly understanding them ? An ox, or other animal, may indeed see the *body* of a man ; but does he or can he see the *man*? Can the ox see or truly understand those sublime traits which enter into

our idea of humanity? Can he see those lofty powers of thought and calculation and analysis, which soar into the heavens, and penetrate the earth, and, wandering through the realms of nature and of spirit, seek to comprehend the universe? Can he understand our human susceptibility to the power of the beautiful or sublime in art or nature? Can he see man's *moral* grandeur,—that greatness of soul which scorns all meanness and defies all peril, which reverently heeds the voice of duty, and at her bidding cheerfully offers up life and all that makes life dear, a willing sacrifice on the altar of country, humanity, or religion? No, you will say, the ox sees nothing of all this. Then he does not see the real man; he sees only the outward form, the mere shadow. And the obvious reason is, because he has no eye for such discerning. He cannot understand or know any of these sublime human traits, because he has experienced none of them,—because he has nothing in himself by which to interpret or measure them.

And so it is always. In the true spiritual sense of this word *see*, only a human being can see a human being. Yea, more,—only like ones can see like ones. Only persons of varied and liberal culture can truly see, that is, can understand or appreciate, the great masters in literature. Only those of refined tastes and feelings can see or appreciate people of taste and refinement. Only those who have been sorely afflicted, whose hearts have been softened and made sympathetic by pain, misfortune, and sorrow, can truly see, that is, can come near to and sympathize with the sick, the unfortunate, and the sorrowing. Who but the bereaved know the pangs of bereavement? Who but a wife knows a wife's affection? Who but a mother knows a mother's love? And who but the virtuous, pure, and unselfish can fully appreciate deeds of lofty heroism, disinterested benevolence, and noble self-sacrifice for the good of humanity? The selfish, base, and grovelling are not thrilled by deeds like these. They do not perceive their grandeur; they do

not feel their power or worth ; they do not understand their nature ; they have no eye for the beauty of heavenly-mindedness or the excellence of true human love. Nor can they really *see* the mind of him who has attained to this great spiritual elevation ; for their own minds, through the medium of which alone another's can be seen, are not on the same level, but on a plane far below. Did the selfish and carnal-minded Jews see the divine Saviour ? They saw him, indeed, but through the medium of their own perverse and impure minds,— as you may see a beautiful object through an irregular and dingy piece of glass. You see it, and you do not see it ; that is, you do not see it truly. You see it all distorted,— not a beautiful, but a hideous object. So the character of the Saviour, as seen through the medium of the Jewish mind, was terribly distorted,— the very opposite of his true character. To their eyes, he had no form nor comeliness. They had nothing in themselves whereby to measure or interpret his moral grandeur. They did not— could not— see him.

It is true then — nothing can be more true — that among men two minds understand, and thus *see* each other, by being like each other. And the more nearly they are alike,— the closer they approximate spiritually,— the more truly do they see each other.

And, pursuing the same train of thought, we may learn what it is to *see God*, and who they are that see Him truly. We see or understand Him by drawing spiritually near to Him,— by being spiritually re-created in His own image and likeness,— by becoming like Him in the spirit and temper of our minds, having in our hearts a love that resembles His in its sweetness, its purity, its tenderness, its noble, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity. Love is the prime essential element in the Divine character,— pure unselfish love,— the love of others out of itself. And in the degree that our natural love of self is supplanted by this higher and purer love, such as dwells in and comes from the

bosom of God, we come to see and know God. We understand His character through the indwelling of His spirit in ourselves. We see Him through the medium of our renewed and regenerated will, become now the abode of His pure love. And the more unselfish we become, the more willing and desirous we are to live and labor and suffer for others, the more do we become like God and the more truly do we see Him. We see Him, that is, we understand Him — we know Him — by virtue of what there is of His own life in us. It is this alone,— his disinterested and all-embracing love, dwelling in our hearts with a living and operative energy, leading us to think, feel, and act in a manner similar to what he does,— it is this which reveals to us the true character of God. Therefore the Apostle truly saith: “He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” “And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.”

To impure, selfish, and sinful natures, therefore, the true God must remain forever invisible. No external vision or revelation can ever disclose to them his true character. In the language of an eminent Scotch divine, “They might be taken to heaven and stand before the everlasting throne, yet would the lustrous purity of its great Occupant be all dark and unapparent to them. Divine Being, in its wondrous manifestations, might play around the unrenewed mind, but it would be as a luminous atmosphere bathing blind eyes, or sweet music rippling around deaf ears; the heavenly effluence would not pass inwards,— could make no thrill of appreciation, no sympathetic delight within the soul. There must, in short, be something God-like in us, before we can see and know God; we must be like Him, before we can see Him as He is.”* “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Yes, purity of heart, such as I have briefly explained, this is

* Rev. John Caird's Sermons.

“the golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity.”

It is this which, first revealing God within, dissipates man's moral darkness, and then reveals Him in the world without. For to the couched eye God's love is visibly stamped on all the face of nature. Love paints the clouds, and gems the sky, and colors the landscape. Love beams in sun and stars, breathes in the sighing winds, warbles in the melody of brooks and birds, rustles in the waving grain, and sings evermore in the silent music of the rolling spheres.

Nor in Nature alone do the pure in heart see God. They see Him alike in history, in providence, in their own private experience, in the written Word, and especially in the person of Jesus Christ, the living incarnation of the Word. Ah! we may have whatever theories we choose about the person of Christ,—we may adopt whatever philosophy we please of the Incarnation,—we may use whatever solemn phrases, or with the lips apply to him whatever titles we will, Redeemer, Saviour, God, Divine Humanity,—but if there has been no inward revelation of Christ to us, if we have not experienced the mighty power of his love working in our hearts to vanquish self and deliver us from the thraldom of sin and hell, then we have not truly known him as Redeemer and Saviour,—then we have not seen “God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.” But the pure in heart have seen him here—have been with him and learned of him—have experienced the all-conquering power of his love. They have come out of great tribulation; they have known the subtle workings of evil; they have seen the cunning snares and felt the fiery darts of Satan; they have been with Christ in the wilderness; they have suffered with him in the garden; they have followed him up that memorable hill, bending beneath the cross; ay, have descended with him into hell, and with him have risen triumphant over the powers of darkness. And all this, through the wisdom, love, and power of Christ, the great Captain of their salvation. He has

given them the victory over selfishness and sin, made them meek and gentle and pure and loving like himself. Verily, then, the pure in heart see God in Christ as others cannot, for they see and have felt the redeeming power of Divine Love. They know their Redeemer from inward experience of his redeeming grace.

3. And the promised blessing is theirs. What is that blessing? Life — true life — forever more; the life of disinterested neighborly love; the freedom of souls delivered from the bondage of selfishness and sin; the joy of thankful, humble, trustful, loving spirits; the delight of doing good and communicating happiness to others; the unutterable peace and bliss which God's own love diffuses through all the chambers of the soul. For the delights of pure unselfish love are its own exceeding great reward, — greater than human imagination can conceive. As saith the Apostle, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Or, as a later servant of God, who was favored with an experimental knowledge of the joys which the pure in heart experience in the other world, has said: "I perceived that this joy and delight came as it were from the heart, diffusing itself very gently through all the inmost fibres, with such an exquisite sense of pleasure as if every fibre were a fountain of joyous perceptions and sensations, compared with which the delight of corporeal pleasures is as the gross and sordid earth to the pure and subtle aura." *

Such is the happiness that awaits those whose hearts become so cleansed of their defilements as to reveal, in their purity and unselfishness, somewhat of the character of our Father in the heavens. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

* Swedenborg's *Arcana Caelestia*, 545.

A MOTHER'S TRIAL.

DEACON and Mrs. Chase were strict and reverent members of an Evangelical church, in a secluded New-England village, and kept unbroken and undiluted the strong old faith of the Puritans. "Sister Chase," as the good Deacon's grave wife was called in the church, was a devout, earnest, praying woman, who was also ready at every call of duty, and kept her lamp always trimmed and burning.

With meek and conscientious fidelity she also sought to train up her children in the way they should go, not omitting the occasional application of Solomon's prescription ; yet many a confession she made upon bended knees, and many a tear shed in the night hours over her own short-comings and the departure of her family from the path of rectitude.

But with this laboring and praying mother there was one stereotyped style of goodness, and it was to produce this in all under her charge that she labored. Servants and children alike were expected to become passive, unquestioning, tame-spirited recipients of her theology, or they were in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." No matter if nature had made a fiery impetuous Peter, grace must make him a docile undemonstrative John. Good Mrs. Chase understood duty better than she did human nature, but sometimes her ignorance of the one led her into a misinterpretation of the other. She had four children, two meek, submissive girls, and two boys, one of whom was too young as yet to be the object or cause of much anxiety, the other, with whom our story has most to do, a fiery, impetuous, fun-loving school-boy of ten years, rejoicing in mischief, and not repenting very effectually, except when he felt that he had given pain to one he loved ; and he loved as he did everything else with an *animus*.

With this boy, this erratic, wilful, master Fred, lay Sister Chase's sorest trouble. "Where could he have got such a

nature?" she asked herself in perplexity. "Certainly not from me; and if it were in their father, why have not the other children inherited it?" Mrs. Chase was a firm believer in total depravity;—if she had ever been sceptical on that point, she would have been restored to soundness after a short experience in managing Fred. When the boy's erratic propensities began to manifest themselves in his babyhood, his mother was puzzled, for the young tyrant would lie awake when all Christian babies ought to be asleep; he would scream from no conceivable cause, and manage to fight strong battles with those two red fists of his when he should have quietly submitted to his morning ablutions. As soon as he grew large enough to run about the house, which was earlier than any other child of the family, he was "into everything"; nothing could be kept safe from his depredations unless out of his reach, and the quiet, nicely-kept furniture of the Chase domicile received more scratches, dents, and belaborings generally, than during the entire previous period of its household use. After a while these practices were checked by wholesome discipline; but what was kept under in one place would crop out in another. At church he was the severest of trials, for sitting still was a virtue which refused to be engrafted upon Fred, though it was natural to his sisters. At family prayers, while the rest listened to the service, Fred described diagrams on the carpet with the toe of his shoe, or rummaged with one hand among the promiscuous collection which he carried in his pocket, or planned the next chestnuting excursion, and was off with a whoop and a bound as soon as his father had said "Amen." Not one deliberate act of malice, or violence, or mischief, did Fred plan or execute, but he was boiling over with animal spirits, which must find vent somehow; and the perpetual air of constraint about the family, the subdued tone, and the solemnity of his mother's appeals to him to repent and give his heart to Christ, only drove him to the opposite extreme. In vain did she tell him, when his merriment became unbearable, that "the laughter of fools was like the crackling of

thorns under a pot ; " — he hated the author of those words, because he somehow felt, though he could not say it, that mirth was a part of his nature, and could not and would not be ignored. In vain did she tell him that the " way of transgressors is hard," and that she feared he was " in the broad road to death ; " the only hard way for him was the way of precision, and grave, steady application. If she had told him *these* were the ways of transgressors, he would have fully believed her. The good mother had in her heart consecrated this first-born son to God, and her fondest hope was to see him a minister of the Gospel. She used to take him alone into her room, and read to him and pray with him, and weep over his want of interest when he would break into the story of young Samuel or Timothy with " What time is it mother ? May n't I go pretty soon ? " By the time he was ten or eleven years of age he had begun to consider himself as a sort of reprobate, given over ; — " it was of no use for him to try to be good as he could see, and yet he did n't see what he had done that was very bad, only he could n't be as mother wanted him to be, and he supposed he was an awful sinner, for he had always been told that he was ; " — and he began to do from perversity what he had formerly done simply from excess of spirits and love of merriment. About this time the church to which Mrs. Chase belonged had a new minister, — not very young, nor very attractive at first sight. His predecessor, a cold, grave man, who preached sound doctrine, but took no personal interest in the youth of his flock, had been rather a dread to Master Fred, to whom he looked like a perpetual exclamation-point, in view of his misdeeds ; but the new minister, who came to stay a few days at Deacon Chase's 'while the parsonage was painted, was entirely a different sort of man. Fred eyed him askance and came very reluctantly to be introduced to him ; but there was something kindly in the minister's manner as he said, after the first salutations, " Was it you I saw feeding the rabbits this morning ? "

Fred colored with a glow of conscious pleasure as he said, " Yes, sir," and added, timidly, " I tamed them myself."

"Ah!" said the minister, "I should like to visit them with you by and by."

Fred hardly felt satisfied in his own mind as to the propriety of a minister's taking an interest in rabbits; they were worldly concerns, he supposed, and he had got the idea that everything which was not religious was sinful. However, he led the way triumphantly, when the minister was ready to visit the rabbits, and could not help feeling a kindly leaning towards the man who could be in his company for hours without looking or speaking reproaches. In a day or two a pleasant cordiality had sprung up between the pastor and the erratic boy, and one evening the latter was delighted and surprised by the pastor's asking him to go the next day to show him where the woods were, for he loved forest rambles. Fred could hardly sleep that night for anticipation, and was up at the dawn of day. As he passed the door of the minister's room he heard him praying, and softening his steps and hushing his whistling, he glided down stairs more quietly than he was ever known to do before. They were off as soon as breakfast was over, two or three miles into the thick woods, and Fred leaped over the rocks and turned aside the refractory bushes, and moved intruding branches and stones from the minister's way; he showed him where the partridges had their haunts, and the wild rabbits were to be entrapped, and the rare wild-flowers were to be found, and gathered the choicest berries on cool green leaves for his new-found friend.

"Do you love the woods and all the wild things and curious places," he ventured to ask at length, as the minister mounted a high rock which overlooked a secluded little pond.

The minister replied, "Certainly I do; and I love a good boy's company too," he added with a smile.

"Well, I don't think you are much like old Mr. Cranston. I thought it was wicked to love such things," he added with boyish bluntness.

"Come up here, and sit down on this mossy place, and let's talk about it a little," said the minister. "What made you think it was wicked?"

"Why, I supposed it was n't serving God, and it is n't work, like making hay or anything of that sort, and so I thought it might be wicked ; or at least I did n't know that pious people and ministers ever cared about such things," Fred replied with a little hesitation.

"Did not Jesus go out into the fields, and alone upon the mountains, and often cross the lake with his disciples in their fishing-boats ?" said Mr. Barry ; "did he not speak of the birds and the flowers ? God made them all ; don't you think he meant we should love them ? It says in the Bible, 'He hath made everything beautiful in his time,' and as God has 'given us all things richly to enjoy,' I think we should be very ungrateful if we did not enjoy them."

"Well, then, you don't think play is wicked, do you ?" asked Fred with earnestness.

"There may be wicked plays," replied the minister, "but play in itself is not wicked, any more than eating and drinking, and running, and fifty other things. If we have bad thoughts in our hearts, and act and talk badly, then our play is wicked ; but if we have innocent feelings, and play so as to do no harm to others, play is not only right, but necessary."

"But I have heard people say, 'Don't waste your precious time in play,'" said Fred.

"If a boy neglects his lessons or duties to play, it would be wasting his time," said Mr. Barry ; "but when a child's tasks are done, he *ought* to play,—God has made it a necessity for children to play ;—the kitten plays, the young of all creatures play ; it is nature's way of developing the muscles and bones, and making them strong, and it is good for the mind, for it teaches *thought*. You have mistaken some well-meant teaching, my boy," he continued ; "but do your work *well*, and then play in good earnest ; only avoid sin, and play will do you *good*, not *harm*."

"I do play," said Fred, as he leaped off the rock, for he never sat still more than five minutes ; "but I'm glad you have told me this, for now I shall not feel as if I was doing

wrong so much as I did before," — and he began to toss pebbles far out on the sparkling water.

The minister sat still thinking a while longer, and then they turned their steps homewards.

"I hope Fred did not quite wear your patience out, sir," said Mrs. Chase that evening to the minister, "for he is troublesome company generally."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Barry; "on the other hand, I found him very interesting and agreeable company. I think he is a lad of great promise."

"Indeed, sir," replied the mother, "I am glad if you have discovered good in him, or promise of good, for I have been greatly exercised on his account, and so has his father. We have found him hard to manage, and he does not love religious things at all, and we have feared that he was firmly set in the way to destruction. He is entirely unlike his sisters; but yet I know God's grace is able to change him, and I hope it may."

"But his nature is entirely unlike theirs," said Mr. Barry, "and will continue so, even after conversion. That is, his natural characteristics will remain the same. Your two daughters have professed religion, yet before their change of heart, I venture to say, they were quiet, gentle, reverent children. Now Fred is ardent, energetic, impulsive, and so he always will be, unless disease breaks him down; but Christian grace may modify that nature, and engraft on it virtues which will make him one of the brightest ornaments of the Church. Just now the animal nature predominates, and so it will, probably, for some years to come. But he is not irreverent, and he has his moments of serious thought, I doubt not, only it will be necessary to guard against one or two serious dangers in dealing with such a nature as his."

"To what dangers in particular do you refer?" asked Mrs. Chase.

"I think there is great danger of so forcing religious instruction upon his mind as to disgust him with it, and

produce aversion to what he should love," said the minister. "More can be done for him by acting always with cheerful, faithful piety before him, by loving him warmly and bearing with his faults patiently, than by direct reproof and exhortation. He knows what is right and wrong as well as any one, and has an active conscience, and he will cure his own faults of outward conduct by and by, and the labor of love will not be lost on him unless his disgust is excited toward serious things by a reiterated enforcement of them upon him; then, too, I should wish to discriminate between boyish caprice and mirthfulness, and deliberate sins. By treating the former as seriously as you would the latter, you will outrage his sense of justice."

Deacon Chase had come in while the minister was speaking, and finding that they were speaking of Fred, he said: "I tell my wife, sometimes, I'm afraid she governs him *too much*."

"Do you think that is possible?" said Mrs. Chase.

"I do, certainly," said the minister. "That is, the same amount of coercion and strictness of dealing necessary for one child may be ruinous to another, because he is mentally constituted so differently. Love and patience and sympathy may work wonders for a boy of Fred's temperament, when they would be thrown away or comparatively powerless on an opposite nature."

"Well, I have been afraid of sparing the rod, or leaving any duty undone towards him," said the mother; "but perhaps I have overdone the thing;" — and so the conversation ended, but not without Mrs. Chase's resolving to try different tactics.

The next day there was a meeting of the "Maternal Society," of which Sister Chase was a member, and, it being a quarterly meeting, the children were expected to attend, and to have a prepared lesson on Scripture topics. Fred had always attended this meeting with extreme reluctance, and prepared the necessary lesson ungraciously, the more particularly because it took his Wednesday afternoon, which was a

half-holiday. School was not in session now, however, but Mrs. Chase resolved not to insist upon his going. About the middle of the forenoon, happening to pass through the sitting-room, he saw his two sisters with Bibles and Commentary busy with their lesson for the meeting.

"Getting the Sunday-school lesson?" said he. "O, I know, it's the day for that old 'ternal meeting! Well, I suppose I've got to get it too, then," and he muttered some uncomplimentary things about the good sisterhood who composed it.

His mother heard him from the store-room where she was at work, and, opening the door, she said, in her quiet way: "You need not get the lesson, my son, I shall not require you to attend the meeting."

"Good! good! hurrah!" shouted Fred; and, bounding out of the house, he performed two or three somersets on the grass in the front yard, and then strolled around the house to the wood-pile, where he took up a hatchet and began to hack a log, but with little alacrity.

"I wonder what's come over mother?" he said to himself. "She used to be so determined that I *should* go, if I teased her ever so hard to let me stay away. I suppose I've troubled her by acting so about going. I've a good mind to get the lesson and go, just to please her,—and I'll surprise her too."

Dropping the hatchet he ran into the house, and, having extorted a promise of secrecy from his sisters, he ascertained where the lesson was, and stole up to his room; and having soon learned it, he dressed, came down, and, mounting the boughs of an apple-tree in the front yard, he remained until his mother made her appearance, when, to her surprise, he jumped down beside her, saying, with an arch look, "I am going to the meeting with you, mother."

He would have given anything just then for a smile or a loving caress; but his mother only said, in her quiet, grave way, "May the Lord bless it to the salvation of your soul."

Fred was a little chilled, but he thought, "Well, I know she's glad, any way," and consoled himself with that.

The next week Mr. Barry went to housekeeping in the old parsonage ; the garden was a waste of weeds, but the minister was bent on reclaiming it, and he knew of no one whose company he should better enjoy in the work than Master Fred's, whose heart needed cultivation of the right sort quite as much as the parsonage garden. The boy entered with delight into the pastor's plan, and daily they were together for hours. Every little opportunity for putting trust and confidence in Fred was improved by Mr. Barry, and soon he was entirely won. He would have learned the whole of the Westminster Catechism, or the two books of the Chronicles if necessary, to please his friend, so loyal was his attachment ; and so, day by day, good seed was sown, which met with no opposition, and while the boy was pleased with the idea that he was helping his pastor, the latter was no less pleased to observe the gradual but certain change going on in the mind of his young parishioner. Led, instead of driven, he soon began to *think*, and his keen and active mind found delight in considering topics under his friend's judicious guidance which once had been his aversion. Honest doubts were treated with respect, child though he was, and questions which, had he proposed them to his parents, would have been rebuffed as atheistic, were kindly answered, and the beauty of a serene faith shown him in contrast, not by exhortation, but a benignant example.

The years glided on, and the once wild, erratic boy, was a communicant at the Lord's table, then a student in the pastor's study ; the sympathy between the two deepened into a profound and lasting friendship, and after his college course was ended, he returned thither to pursue his theological studies.

The good deacon has long since gone to his reward, and the praying mother exchanged her tears for songs of praise ; but the boy, who was the trial of their earlier years, lives an active, honored, and beloved pastor, whose energies are unflagging and whose courage dauntless in doing his Master's work.

H. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

A WORD FROM OLD TAGHKONIC.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON MAGAZINE, CALLED "THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND INDEPENDENT JOURNAL."

SIRS :—

I am very old. I belong to the oldest geologic formations. I existed, and had a name, long before you were born. My name is Taghkonic. From time immemorial that has been my name. My Indian children called me Taghkonic. They transmitted the name to my adopted Anglo-Saxon children, who always call me Taghkonic. It is a pleasant sound in their ears. And were you to ask one of them, if *that* — pointing to me — if *that* was Mount Everett, they would not understand you ; or if they did, they would give you a look that would make you take care never to ask that question again.

But I perceive that a tourist who has lately put a paper in your Magazine — after the conceit of a State Geologist in Governor Everett's time — calls me Mount Everett. I am astonished that a learned man should have no more respect for antiquity, nor for time-hallowed usages and feelings, than that. What if old Wachusett were christened Mount Choate ? or Saddle Mountain, Mount Winthrop ? Or what if another State Geologist should come along, and propose to call my Sister Housatonic, Banks's River ? — and those who have always lived under the shadow of old Taghkonic, and by the meadows of the Housatonic, were required to say that they live near Mount Everett and on Banks's River ? Why, it would turn my people out of the world ; they would not know where they were !

I mean no disrespect to my distinguished son, Everett. He may be Vice-President, or — better — President of the whole country, and I shall make no objection. In my secret heart, I wish he might be. My people are of a divided opinion about it, for they are always talking and disputing about something or other.

But I take no part in the fluctuations around me. Generations come and pass beneath my shadow ; they look up to me, from their thousand homes, with a thousand home associations and affections.

My form is familiar to them. My name is familiar ; it is an old and venerable household word. They call me

TAGHKONIC.

Sheffield, June 13, 1860.

P. S. The Mountain Scribe desires to observe to your tourist that the waterfall which he calls Bash-bish should be spelt Bash-pish. The name is undoubtedly derived from that given to similar waterfalls in Switzerland,—*pisse-vache*. This name, and that of *Righi*, given to one of the peaks, fully corroborate a tradition constant among the mountain people, that a company of Swiss emigrants once came and spent some time on the Taghkonic.

A WORD IN REPLY.

TO THE MOUNTAIN POWER CALLING ITSELF "OLD TAGHKONIC."

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY :—

That you are "very old," I reverently acknowledge ; and I venture to suggest whether your extreme age has not blurred your memory a little with respect to names.

I have known your Majesty from my youth up, was brought up almost within your shadow, (may it never be less !) and I never heard you called *distinctively* Taghkonic in all my life. That name, I humbly and loyally submit to you, is appropriated to the royal family of which you are only a single, though a most worthy and honored scion, and you have no right to take the name all to yourself. I cannot answer for the Indians, or the people who sit at your feet, but I do assure your Majesty that the name you lay claim to passed long since into history and into literature, not as *yours*, but as belonging to your whole royal line ; and for you to claim it now is very much as if Chimborazo should call himself the Andes, as if Mont Blanc should call himself the Alps, or as if a single Egyptian king should rise up and claim the exclusive title of all the Pharaohs. I accorded to you the honor of being the culmination of the Taghkonic ridge. This is exactly what the best authorities say of you. Hear them. Here is that old standard, Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, which says : "On the western border is the *Taghkonic ridge*, attaining in Mount Washington, in the southwest corner of the State, the height of 3,150 feet." The same is said by M'Culloch

in his admirable work, the richest and surest treasury of geographical knowledge I know of. Thus: "Taghkonic Mountains—*a range which extends fifty miles.* . . . Its highest summits are in Sheffield." So the naturalists. Professor Hitheock, in his "Geology of Massachusetts," speaks of the numerous distinct summits that crown "*the broad ranges of the Taghkonic.*" His maps, after Murray, make the Taghkonic range through the length of Berkshire. And in his Elementary treatise, published twenty years ago, he has had the audacity, in one of his wood-cuts, to cut your royal Majesty right in two, or at least one of your family, showing your inner man, your real "character and standing," from which it would appear that you do not belong to the *very* oldest formation, but only to that of talcose slate. And the Professor there only puts you in as one of the "Taghkonic *range.*" Mitchell, however, speaks of a Taghkonic peak, meaning, doubtless, your sovereignty, and I doubt not that, by a sort of metonymy, in which scientific accuracy is ignored, you are sometimes made to stand for your race as its worthy representative.

I have before me two double maps, published under the authority of old Massachusetts, one in 1844 and the other in 1852, in both which your Majesty is entitled uniformly "Bald Peak," and never once Taghkonic. Your courtiers right about your royal person are excusable for calling you by the name that belongs to your race, but they can hardly expect to impose their provincialism upon all mankind.

Down here on the flats we are divided into sects, some great ones, some little ones. Sometimes a single sect will tower up and claim to be "*the Church,*" unchurching all the rest. Pardon me, but I trust your Majesty is *above* such things, and will leave the rest of your royal line in possession of their titles and honors.

I do not like "Mount Everett" any better than your Majesty. But I took what the later maps gave me in preference to "Bald Peak," which is no name at all,—for who am I, to undertake the christening of your royal person?

As to the waterfall, I found it spelt four different ways, and took the one I liked best. I pronounced "Bashpish" several times to try it, and my mouth involuntarily *pished* at it every time. Bashpish, however, or Bashapish, is the more usual orthography, and let it stand so; for general usage establishes these matters in spite of us.

With awful reverence, I am, as of old, your loyal admirer and grateful vassal,

TRANSITION YEARS.

THE following excellent piece of good sense shows unmistakably which half of the race it proceeds from. But men as well as women are shy of owning their true age after the "transition years." There is dread of growing old from the fact that so many old men get fossilized, and so many old women, after external graces have gone, have nothing left. There is no need of being old if we take care to lay up treasures of heart and mind, for then, as Swedenborg says of the angels, the longer we live, the younger we grow.

THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT.

"I do not expect ever to be married," said a young lady of twenty-three, some five and twenty years ago. "Ah, M——," replied a facetious old uncle, in a tone of mock pathos, "if you thought you should not be married, you would not sleep a wink to-night." "I do *not* expect to be married," persisted the maiden, "and I have formed three resolutions on the subject: first, that I will not become soured toward the world; secondly, that I will not talk scandal; and thirdly, that I will not be ashamed to tell my age."

The girl read her destiny with a prophetic eye, and perhaps her resolutions have been better kept than resolutions generally are. But then the temptation to violate the first two has been small. The world has proved a very good one, presenting as few sharp corners and as many smooth surfaces as could reasonably have been expected; and if poor Crazy Julia's words — "It's hard work living" — have been echoed now and then, the prevailing and almost constant sentiment has been, "The world is full of beauty and of love." Of course, when one's on good terms with society, there is but little inducement to spend one's breath in circulating ill reports.

As to the last resolution, there are transition years, when it requires some little heroism for a woman, especially an unmarried one, to acknowledge her age. To render a sufficient reason for this may be difficult; let it be set down to the account of vanity. But when one has fairly succeeded in weathering this stormy cape, the navigation is plain once more. "It is more blessed to be approaching age than to be receding from youth," some one has said; and truly it is easier in some cases to say, "I am forty-eight," than it was to say, "I am thirty-three." One even comes to hear the once-dreaded

term, "old maid," applied to herself with perfect equanimity. The words strike the ear, but carry no thrill to the heart. The true woman feels that she can stand on her own respectability, though she stand alone. Had she inflicted a wound on "the holy estate of matrimony,"—that sacrament, more frequently abused, perhaps, than any other of God's blessed gifts,—had she done this, by giving her hand without the pure offering of the heart, she might well feel that she had taken a step downward. But standing in the unity in which God created her, she can wrap the mantle of her own self-respect about her, and, while she acknowledges that many a sister woman has in her keeping holy and beautiful treasures which she has not, she will feel that, by the faithful discharge of her own duties, she also performs a perfect work in the world. Many and sacred may be her ties to earthly friends; or, if these be wanting,

"Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melody may wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone."

PRAYER-WHEELS.

M. Huc, the Jesuit missionary who travelled in Thibet, gives a description of these devotional machines. The people have evidently got the notion that the *quantity* of one's prayers rather than the quality makes them effectual. The problem is how to pray the most in a given time. This is done by machinery. They compose innumerable prayers, wind them in sheets of paper so as to form a cylinder, put a crank to it, and turn them. The more times the barrel turns round, the more prayers are offered. Set it briskly in motion, and if the crank is well oiled it will go of itself for a long time after. These prayer-barrels are put up in all the Lamaseries, or religious houses. Sometimes quarrels arise because one man will stop the prayer-barrel which another has set going, and then start it afresh for himself. Sometimes the machines are erected by streams, and made to go by water, thus saving the devotee a great deal of time and labor. Mrs. Child, in her "Progress of Religious Ideas," describes these prayer-

wheels. If, by the way, you have not read that work, you do not know how the contents of great and learned tomes may be extracted and conveyed anew in a style so luminous and pleasing that you will always finish what you have begun. In her account of the prayer-barrels, we fancy a sly, latent reference to prayer-machines in Christian countries, a great many of which are unquestionably set going with more reference to the quantity than the quality, and are kept in motion sometimes when they are a weariness and a burden, under the impression that somehow they must be turned, or God will be displeased. Prayer is aspiration for the good and the true, and for union with Him who is Goodness and Truth, and when this is not in it, the prayer-wheels are a representation, not less apt for being comic, of how we must appear to the intelligences above us. S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poems. By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers.—After reading the author's modest Preface, where he says, "Several of the pieces are based upon the beautiful psychological doctrines of Swedenborg," we expected to find the usual result of attempts at metaphysical poetry. But no; the poetry is good, and the theology is fused and flows through it, set sometimes to very sweet and heavenly music. The first poem, "Birth of a Child," though it has not the wonderful rhythmic cadence of Wordsworth's great Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," that steals away down into the soul like seraph-melodies from over a mystic sea, yet reminds us of that Ode, by the gleams of vast spiritual truths that come through it. How finely the doctrine of "remains" is here set forth!

"O see! a morn in May!
A shining, balmy, breezy one;
The little children out at play
On sweet green landscapes in the sun!
Searching for shells the rivulet's brim,
Watching the silver minnows swim,
Chasing the rainbow butterfly,
Or mocking echo's faint reply.

O trustful, happy, guileless creatures !
 How near ye are to angel-natures !
 Content with what each day is given,
 And fed with manna fresh from heaven.

The little loves and charities,
 The sweet and gentle courtesies,
 Ye from each other thus evoke at play,
 Are treasures only stored away.
 Into their forms, like dew into the flower,
 The Lord distils his vivifying power,
 And blessings they become forever ;
 States of the mind which perish never,
 But, losing every tint of sadness,
 Return with multiplying gladness ;
 Germs of eternal happiness,
 Which never cease to grow and bless ;
 Strength for the seasons of temptation,
 Means of eventual renovation,
 The bonds that link us to the angels most,—
 The light which may be hidden, but never can be lost."

There is a sweet pensiveness in the next effusion, "Our little Aleck," which is very touching :—

" When thou wert born, my angel boy !
 I wrote a song for thee ;
 The music of that wondrous joy
 Which thou wert then to me.

" Alas ! alas ! the tribute lay
 My heart so fondly gave,
 In requiem echoes died away
 Upon thy little grave.

" Soon, soon, the fountains that supplied
 Thy precious wants went dry,
 But sorrow's never-ebbing tide
 Yet fills thy mother's eye.

" Mute her guitar's untended strings,
 Her book lies on the shelf ;
 She weeps o'er all thy little things
 As if they were thyself ; —

"As if they were that beauteous form
We left in earth alone,
The little cage whence bright and warm
The heavenly bird had flown."

The volume has 360 pages, including notes chiefly extracted from Swedenborg. The style both of the printing and paper is very beautiful.

s.

El Fureidis. By the Author of "The Lamplighter" and "Mabel Vaughan." Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—Presuming that the three hundred thousand or more people who read The Lamplighter will also read El Fureidis, it will hardly be fair to reveal the plot in advance. El Fureidis is the name of a village situated in a lovely nook of the range of Mount Lebanon. The romance is a tale of love amid the rich and dream-colored scenery of Syria, whose beauty and gorgeousness are infused through the narrative. The interest sometimes flags, the descriptions of scenery are sometimes vague and wordy, as derived from books instead of personal observation. But the artistic excellence equals that of the author's first work, and Havilah, the Syrian maiden, is more of a favorite with us than Gertrude, the nice Yankee girl.

s.

Story of a Pocket Bible. Illustrated. New York: Wiley and Halsted.—The Pocket Bible is made to report what it has seen and heard during an experience of fifty years, visiting all scenes and characters, going into a lawyer's family, into college, visiting a Catholic priest, a Protestant formalist, going into prison, into the home of the bride to an infidel reformer, comforting, reproving, and converting, and adapting truth to all classes and conditions of men. It is a republication from an English periodical, its author not known. The sketching is sometimes bold and graphic, the human heart discloses its needs and corruptions, and the Divine truth is shown in its adaptations to convict and purify it.

s.

Unitarianism defined: the Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. By FREDERIC A. FARLEY, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.—This book comprises ten Lectures, prompted by the interest excited by recent discussions concerning the Trinity. Dr. Farley reasons vigorously from his premises, and always makes himself understood. The law-students used to say of Dr. Palfrey's

preaching, that he always argued as if he expected the Devil to get up and answer him, and that he generally anticipated all which that celebrated logician could urge. Dr. Farley has *not* anticipated all objections, but lays himself open to some pretty sweeping shots, if anybody chose to take up the argument. For instance, he admits, or seems to, in his exposition of the first chapter of John, that the Word which "was God" and was "made flesh" dwelt in Jesus Christ, not as an inspiration which other men have, but as an inborn and normal possession. Then he goes right on to argue stoutly and defiantly against Christ's having a "double nature." In his Lecture on the Antiquity of Unitarianism he makes out the ante-Nicene fathers believers in two Gods, one supreme and the other inferior and derived,—the identical heresy for which the Nicene theologians denounced Arius. All his citations, we think, he misapplies. Against tripersonality his argument is strong and unanswerable; but we should be very sorry if he has told us all on the affirmative side, or that he has here "defined" all there is of positive Christian Unitarianism. We cannot see in the definition any such body of truth and doctrine as is adequate to cleave down the evils of the heart, and make men new creatures in Christ Jesus. Through the whole discussion the best spirit is preserved, and in his greatest earnestness the preacher never forgets the courtesies of debate.

S.

Katherine Morris: an Autobiography. By the Author of "Here and Hereafter." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.—This is a religious novel, free from cant and sectarianism, pervaded by a fine religious spirit, and it leaves the best impression which this kind of literature is capable of producing.

S.

Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Seminary. New and revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.—The object of this book is to bring vividly before the mind of the reader scenes of sacred history to verify the accuracy of the Bible in geographical details, and to throw light upon obscure passages and local allusions. It is not a continuous personal narrative, but gives the carefully-selected results of travel with reference to the one object of Scripture illustration, and it will be found exceedingly useful as a book of reference for making clear the letter of Holy Writ.

S.

A New Age for the New Church, wherein is considered a Condensed View of its Past Stages and Future Prospects, a Review of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word through Rev. T. L. Harris; some Notice of the Authority of Swedenborg and the coming Judgment upon all the Earth. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD, Author of "God in his Providence." — Socrates, when a new thought struck him, stood stock still from sunrise to sunrise. We must stand longer than that to take in all the matter of this pamphlet. Origen, and Swedenborg after him, say that the Bible has three senses, two others lying within the literal. Mr. Harris says it has sixty-three, and Brother Fernald along with him is careering in the forty-third, or the "sub-celestial." We pray they may escape the doom of Icarus, and get safe back to the earth. For ourselves we cannot venture very far within the literal, and always try to keep a firm footing upon it, and find thus more truth than we have turned into conduct. The pamphlet contains some severe strictures, though in a good temper, on the Swedenborgian cultus and sect. We hope its statements are somewhat extreme, though the writer speaks from personal experience. The pamphlet may be had of Otis Clapp, Boston, or at the room of the American New Church Association in the Cooper Institute, New York.

S.

Speech of Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, of Michigan, on the Rise and Fall of the Democratic Party. — Hon. Charles Sumner has our thanks for this and other Congressional documents.

The Critic Criticised and Worcester Vindicated, by WILLIAM D. SWAN, is a triumphant defence both of Dr. Worcester and his Dictionary. S.

The New Discussion of the Trinity; containing Notices of Professor Huntington's Recent Defence of that Doctrine, reprinted from "The Christian Examiner," "The Monthly Religious Magazine," "The Monthly Journal of the Unitarian Association," and "The Christian Register." Together with Sermons by REV. THOMAS STARR KING and DR. ORVILLE DEWEY. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. For the American Unitarian Association. 1860. — This volume contains much which, we are persuaded, will prove to be of permanent value, and ought to satisfy those who insist upon the tripersonality of the Godhead as an essential truth of the Gospel,

that the dissenters from this dogma have been at pains to study the New Testament and the history of Christian opinion with all earnestness and in all honesty, before recording that emphatic denial which puts them before the world as Unitarians. We do not see how any persons, uncommitted to sect, still at liberty to form a candid judgment, can read the papers which are brought together within these covers, and still be able to affirm that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are revealed to us in the Testimony as three coequal, coeternal Persons, using the word "Person" in the only sense according to which we can understand it. We would earnestly ask all those who would rejoice in the *truth*, all who are seeking to know God and Christ in an experimental and saving way, to read this little volume, and ask themselves before Him who looks upon the heart, whether Christendom is just to the people called Unitarians, whether their questionings have been fairly met, whether excommunications from churches and extrusions from pulpits are the best, or, in the end, even the shortest methods of dealing with them. We are persuaded that the number of those, even in Trinitarian communions, who are unconsciously waiting for a better statement of the mystery of God in Christ than any recognized creed affords, is very large, and all such persons as well as the Unitarians will find a great deal in this volume to aid them in the attempt to construct a true Christology. May we be allowed to add, that many who are known as Liberal Christians would find their theology much enriched by a careful study of the exceedingly able article from the *Examiner*, and (as the present writer had no hand in its composition, may he not say it?) the paper by our co-editor taken from our own pages? E.

Morning Hours in Patmos: The Opening Vision of the Apocalypse, and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By A. O. THOMPSON, Author of "The Better Land," &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.—It is no easy work to set in order and clothe in words any human experience, inward or outward, which shall be in any way worthy to accompany as comment or paraphrase the magnificent opening chapters of the *Apocalypse*. The mysteries of two worlds gather about us in that border land between heaven and earth, and so occupy the mind and heart that we choose to be alone with the Book, and to read its wondrous sentences in the stillness. To those who do not share with us this feeling, the "*Morning Hours*" will prove interesting and profitable. E.